

Newport Mercury

WHOLE NUMBER 9233

NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 26, 1924

VOLUME CLXVII—NO. 7

The Mercury

PUBLISHED BY
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN A. H. SANBORN

Mercury Building
11 THAMES STREET
NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1769, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with literature, news, leading editorials, State, local and general news, well selected, miscellaneous and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

MURDER HEARING

There was a hearing before Judge Levy in the District Court on Tuesday in the case of State vs. Joseph Enos Sousa, charged with murder in causing the death of Thomas Cahill just over the Middletown line early on the morning of the Fourth of July. William A. Peckham appeared for the Town of Middletown and F. F. Nolan represented the defendant.

A number of witnesses were called by the State to testify to events leading up to the killing, which occurred in defendant's restaurant. The woman, Emily Porter, who held Cahill's head in her lap, while he lay dying in front of the restaurant, was not called as a witness at the hearing. At the conclusion of the testimony for the prosecution, the case was further continued until Friday at request of counsel for defendant.

Florence Gary, ten years old, of Somerville, Mass., was accidentally shot and killed in the office of the City Garage on Collins street last Sunday afternoon, the rifle being held by her young cousin, Ralph C. Carter, Jr., eight years old. The boy's father had gone to the garage to work on his car there, and left the two children in the office where they would be safe. It appeared that the boy saw the rifle lying on the top of the safe and climbed up to it. While he was examining it, the gun was discharged and the little girl was fatally injured, dying at the Newport Hospital within a short time. The tragic affair brought dense gloom to the members of both families.

Mr. James F. Dring died at his home on Kay street on Saturday afternoon, after a long illness. He was a son of the late John Dring, and was a painter by trade, having been engaged in business as a painting contractor for a number of years. He was a member of the Newport Military Band, and was a former Warden of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection. He is survived by a widow and six sons, also by several brothers and one sister.

There appears to have been no very great mystery connected with the wrecking of a touring car on the East Main Road last week. The car was registered in the name of the Newport man who was operating it, and he claims that the wreck was due to skidding on a slippery road.

Mr. Edwin A. Cottrell, who was recently elected Mayor of the city of Palo Alto, Calif., is a former Newport boy, the son of former Mayor Robert S. Cottrell.

Last Sunday was the biggest day of the season at the Beach, the hot clear weather bringing thousands of visitors in every manner of conveyance.

On July 30, 1889, the first electric trolley car in Newport was started out from the barn on Commercial wharf. Next Wednesday will be the thirty-fifth anniversary.

WRECKED BOSTON HERE

Bodies Extricated from Wreckage in Newport Harbor—One Victim Died at the Newport Hospital

Newport has been a center of maritime activity during the past few days, and the presence of the wrecked steamer Boston in the harbor has attracted attention from all over the country. Some of the living passengers were landed here after the collision, and the dead were taken from the damaged vessel and taken to an undertaking establishment here. One seriously injured passenger died in the Newport Hospital soon after arriving there. Nearly everybody in Newport has visited the waterfront within the past few days to gaze upon the crippled steamer as she lay in the mud a short distance off the Government Landing.

The big new passenger steamer Boston of the Eastern Steamship Company plying between Boston and New York by the Cape Cod Canal route, left Boston last Monday evening with a full quota of passengers. It was a night of dense fog, but all went well until about midnight when the oil tanker Swift Arrow crashed into the side of the Boston. The bow of the tanker penetrated for many feet into the light superstructure of the passenger vessel, crushing four staterooms into a mass of wreckage and killing three passengers outright. The Swift Arrow backed away and lay to, to render assistance to the other steamer. Immediately signals of distress were flashed from the wireless equipment of the Boston and responses were sent from other vessels within a distance of a few miles.

In the meantime the officers and crew of the Boston prepared to leave the ship. Fortunately the night was warm and the sea was calm, and there was scarcely a sign of panic among all the passengers. The Boston carried a full equipment of boats and these were put into the water as quickly as possible, although the passengers claim that the crew showed evidence of inefficiency in handling them as it was about an hour and a half before the last boat was in the water. Some of these boats proceeded directly to the Swift Arrow, where their occupants were taken aboard. Others floated about until the Fall River Line steamers came up and picked them up. The steamers Plymouth and Priscilla of the Fall River Line took on a number of the survivors and carried them to New York. When the Commonwealth of the same line came back eastbound, her Captain brought her alongside the helpless steamer. With a navy tug lashed on one side and the Commonwealth on the other, acting as pontoons to keep the Boston from sinking, the steamer was brought into Newport Harbor, arriving here about 9:00 o'clock Tuesday morning. The Boston was then allowed to sink gently into the mud between the Torpedo Station and the Government Landing, while the Commonwealth proceeded to her landing at Long wharf. A few of the passengers had been transferred to the Commonwealth and they were landed here, taking a train for Boston.

Immediately upon receiving the distress signal, broadcasted from the Boston after the collision, navy tugs were sent out from here, and the revenue cutter Acushnet dashed away from New Bedford. When the latter arrived at the scene, a severely injured man, who had been dug out of the wreckage by the crew, was transferred to her, and she made a rush back to Newport, arriving here at about 8:30. The injured man was C. L. Copeland of Brookline, Mass. He was hurried to the Newport Hospital in the ambulance, but died within a few hours, having been hopelessly crushed while asleep in his berth.

The crew of the Boston had been unable to reach the other victims of the accident, being unable to penetrate the tangled mass of steel until acetylene torches could be secured. Upon arriving here, men from the navy joined in the work of rescue, and after some hours, the wreckage was opened enough to enable the withdrawal of the bodies. In one stateroom were the bodies of two brothers, Robert P. Schlemm and John E. Schlemm, of Boston. They were taken to the Police Station and

later to an undertaking establishment, where they were subsequently identified by a brother who came here from Boston.

Another body recovered from the crushed staterooms was that of Mrs. Oscar Green of New York, a bride but of a few weeks. She was returning to New York with her husband. The latter was extricated from the wreckage, badly injured and suffering from shock. He was taken to Boston and was not told of the loss of his wife. Mrs. Green's parents were waiting for her on the dock in New York when the Fall River Line steamers arrived there with some of the survivors. On returning to their home, they found a telegram notifying them of her death.

As soon as the Boston arrived here Tuesday morning, Coroner Perry B. Dawley boarded her and looked over the wreckage, examining the bodies as they were brought forth. Later in the day he received a telegram from headquarters of the Company in Boston asking that he assure himself that no more bodies were lost in the vessel. He then made another trip out, and after a careful survey of the damaged part of the steamer felt confident that no other bodies could have been caught there. Medical Examiner Sherman gave permission for the removal of the bodies.

While some of the passengers on the Boston criticised the crew for apparent inefficiency in handling the life boats, they had nothing but praise for the capable manner in which the officers and crews of the Fall River Line steamers did their work. Life boats were lowered from those vessels to transfer the passengers from the Swift Arrow to their own ships and the passengers agree that the work was performed with true maritime efficiency.

As soon as word was received that the wrecked steamer was being brought to this port every local agency was put at work to render assistance. Ambulances and vehicles of all kinds were drawn up at Long wharf, ready to give assistance to the injured or remove the dead. The forces of the Red Cross branch were mobilized, but their assistance was not needed. The Navy department and the Fall River Line rendered every assistance in their power and their services were greatly appreciated.

The Scott Wrecking Company of New London was notified of the accident and at once dispatched a force of men and lighter here to prepare the Boston for a trip to the dry dock in New York where repairs will be made. It is estimated by officials of the Company that the cost will not exceed \$30,000. While some plates were started on the bottom, the most extensive damage was to the superstructure. It was the worst marine disaster that has occurred in these waters since the steamer Larchmont went down on a bitter February night some years ago.

Experts from the wrecking company have been busy for several days in making temporary repairs to fit the Boston for a trip to New York, where she can go on the dry dock. A heavy shutter has been built to cover the exposed side of the vessel, and the task of putting that into place was begun late Thursday night. It was expected that the work might be completed in time to start the voyage to New York late Friday. She will be taken in tow by powerful tugs, and the pumps will be kept going to reduce the water that is bound to leak in.

All the freight has been removed from the Boston by the lighters of Robert S. Hayes and landed on the dock. The personal belongings of the passengers that were lost behind in the haste of leaving the ship have been carefully collected and after being labelled have been forwarded to New York.

Commander Greer A. Duncan, Public Works Officer at the Newport Naval Station, will leave for Washington next month, having been ordered to the Bureau of Yards and Docks at the Capital. He has made many friends in Newport, who regret his departure.

The Fall River Line has issued a new illustrated folder advertising Cape Cod. Other sections of the territory served by this line will be taken up later.

NEW SIDEWALKS PROGRESSING

Although the Broadway pavement is completed, there is still much congestion on that thoroughfare. From Summer street north, on the west side of the railroad tracks, the street is still closed to traffic in order to give the concrete time for proper curing. Both lines of rails are now in use, however, and this gives much improved service on the street railways after several months of uncertain schedules.

When the new pavement was laid there was of necessity some change in grade from the old street levels. This necessitated an adjustment of the curbs to correspond, and now the sidewalks in some places are being rebuilt to conform to the new curbing.

The firm of Coleman Brothers, who had the contract for the paving work on the street, have been awarded the contract for the sidewalk changes also, and began work immediately. The walk between Pleasant street and Malbone Road has been entirely re-laid, and the contractors are now working farther north. This congests the roadway because of the piles of material used, but the improvement will be very noticeable after the work is completed. Some of these walks have been badly damaged by frost anyway and it is an excellent opportunity to get new walks on that important street.

SALVATORE DE STEFANO

That wonderful and romantic instrument, the harp, is to be heard here in all its perfection when Salvatore de Stefano plays here in joint recital with Grete Torpadie at the Historical Society July 31. A graduate with honors of the Royal Conservatory at Naples, Mr. de Stefano has devoted his life to the mastery of this instrument, and has written besides a remarkable and exhaustive book on the subject. In his hands the instrument becomes a puissant force, a veritable dynamism of tonal expression. Critics and music lovers everywhere owe to Mr. de Stefano a debt of gratitude for the very real service he is doing to the cause of music by reviving the hitherto latent beauty of this ancient instrument, which now comes into its own in melody and glorious perfection.

Mr. de Stefano's various tours of this country have made him one of the most popular harpists before the public today.

Mrs. Dudley Pitts will be pianist for this concert.

CHARLES HOWARD ALLEN

The body of Charles Howard Allen, who was accidentally drowned in the Panama Canal on July 5th, is expected to arrive in this city next week. Funeral services will be held here under the auspices of St. John's Lodge of Masons.

According to the "Star and Herald" of Panama, Mr. Allen was working overtime on the night of July 5th. About midnight, he had occasion to cross the canal gate to reach a small vessel lying on the other side. When about half-way across, his helper saw him fall and immediately gave the alarm. He was pulled out of the water within a short time, but life was extinct.

The annual field day under the auspices of the Newport County Farm Bureau, will be held at the Fair Grounds in Portsmouth on August 5th. A clambake will be served at noon and at 1:00 o'clock there will be an auction sale of pure bred bulls consigned from some of the best known breeders of this vicinity. An interesting speaking programme has been arranged. County Agent Sumner D. Hollis is in charge of the arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Greenlaw have purchased the Coggeshall property on Bull street for \$8,100. The property was put up at auction on Wednesday, and Mr. Fred P. Lee was the highest bidder. Under the will of Mrs. Coggeshall, Mr. Greenlaw was to have the option of purchase at the highest price offered, and he decided to take advantage of the opportunity.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Hospital Appeal

A meeting was held at the Portsmouth Library on Tuesday evening, to arrange for the participation of the citizens of this town in the campaign for \$360,000 for the Newport Hospital. Mr. Alan R. Wheeler addressed the meeting, and gave some details concerning the benefits the citizens of this town have received. Two teams will be organized to appeal for funds for this purpose. Mr. Karl G. Anthony and Mr. Michael J. Murphy will be in charge of the men's teams and Mrs. Walter Chase and Mrs. George H. Draper will conduct the activities of the women's teams.

Mr. H. Chester Hedley and daughter Ruth of South Norfolk, Va., are visiting relatives in town. Mrs. Hedley and their daughter Elvia and son Henry have been in town about three weeks.

Mr. Allston Clarke is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony.

Mrs. Arline Anthony has returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Anthony, after spending a week with her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah E. Peckham of Tiverton.

The regular meeting of the Portsmouth Branch of the American Red Cross Society will be held next Monday evening at the Portsmouth Library.

Mrs. J. F. Meyonell and daughter, Miss Esther Meyonell of Sullivan, Maine, and Miss Virginia Craig of Providence have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bishop and of Mr. Richmond Bishop. Mrs. Meyonell is the sister of the Messrs. Bishop and had not seen her brothers for about twenty years.

The Portsmouth fire apparatus was called out on Sunday afternoon for a small fire at the farm of Mr. Isaac Chase, Sr., on Wapping Road. The farm is hired by a Portuguese farmer, and while smoking in the hay field a windrow of hay became ignited. No great damage was done, as the fire was quickly extinguished.

Among those who registered to vote a few days ago, it is interesting to note the name of Mrs. Susan Langley, who is the mother of Mrs. Charles S. Plummer, is ninety-five years of age and is very much interested in the political situation.

Mrs. Mary Santos, whose husband, Mr. Antone Santos, died recently of lockjaw, has sailed for the Azores Islands.

The regular meeting of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., was held at Oakland Hall. After the business meeting, ice cream cones and melons were served by the social committee.

The annual picnic of the Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held at the Newport Beach next Tuesday.

Mrs. Minnie T. Steele has as guest her nephew, Mr. Lloyd Stanlett of Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. D. Frank Hall is seriously ill at his home on Sprague street.

Mrs. Margaret Brayton of Boston is spending a two weeks' vacation with Mr. Frank L. Tallman and family.

Miss Louise Slocum has gone to Hillsboro, N. H., for the remainder of her vacation.

Mrs. Clara Goff of Providence has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Dyer and Mrs. Eleanor Tallman.

Mrs. Isabelle L. Tallman, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Walker, their son, Mr. Herman Walker, and their daughter, Mr. Edwin Loucke, were guests recently of Mrs. Tallman's son, Mr. Ray B. Tallman of Wilmantic, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown of British Columbia, are visiting Mr. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Brown.

Mr. Everett Sherman of New York is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Sherman.

The G. T. Club of St. Mary's Church met on Monday evening with Mrs. Edward Saddington. Much work was accomplished for the lawn party which will be held next week. Refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by her daughter, Miss Annie Saddington.

Mrs. Mazie Willard and son, Joseph Willard of Providence have been guests of Mrs. Willard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey of New York have moved into their cottage on

Riverview avenue where they will make their permanent home. Mr. Sharkey has had to give up his business in New York, owing to ill health. Mrs. Sharkey is the sister of Mrs. Richard T. Demery, who with her family reside in the next house on Riverview avenue.

Mr. Arthur A. Albro, who is the traffic officer stationed on State Hill on Sundays, reports that last Sunday in five hours 3658 automobiles passed his stand. In three hours, between 12:45 p. m. and 3:45 p. m., there were 1982, going in both directions. In the half-hour between 5:15 and 5:45, 600 machines passed. In the early evening 986 passed in one and one-half hours. At one time 10 cars passed in an unbroken line.

Several accidents have occurred here recently. Bandmaster Evans of the Training Station met with an accident just south of Mr. Albert Anthony's house. A spotlight on an electric car blinded Mr. Evans and he ran his Chevrolet up a bank, hitting a tree. The machine was badly wrecked, but Mr. Evans and a companion were not seriously injured. They went to the Naval Hospital where they received treatment for their injuries. An old Ford came to grief Sunday morning near Oliphant Lane, but its cause seemed to be the cause of the accident.

MIDDLETOWN

Mr. and Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham have had as guests Miss Mabel Eldred and Mr. Raleigh Eldred. Mr. Eldred is Professor in the mechanical department at the Rhode Island State College.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Pillsbury and their family, of Worcester, Mass., are camping out at Third Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford P. Hart and their daughter Margaret, of Boston, are spending their vacation with Mr. Hart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart.

Mrs. Thomas H. Wyllie and her daughter Marjorie have gone to Miami, Fla., where they will join Mr. Wyllie, who is employed there by the Fred I. Ley Construction Company.

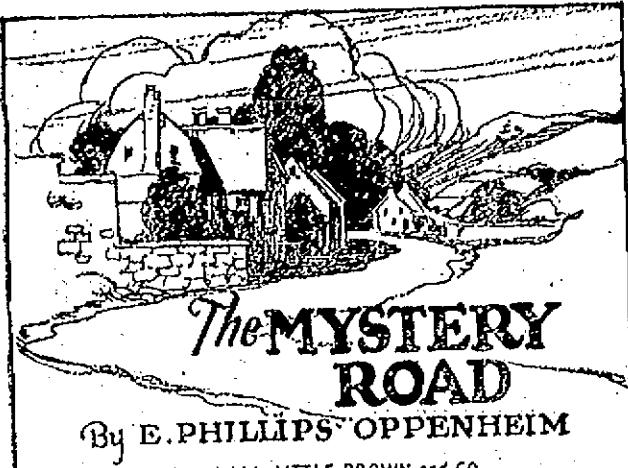
Mr. and Mrs. Archie L. Kaull have as guests Mrs. William A. McLyman, her daughters, Misses Dorothy and Betty McLyman, and her son, Mr. William A. McLyman, Jr., of Sparrow Point, Maryland.

Mrs. John Hoar and her sons John and Richard, have returned to their home in Akron, Ohio, after spending several weeks with Mrs. Hoar's father, Mr. Charles A. Manchester. Mrs. Hoar's sister, Miss Susie M. Manchester, accompanied them as far as Boston.

An all-day meeting of St. Columba's Guild was held on Thursday, when work and plans were completed for the annual fair and supper which will be held at the Berkeley parish house.

Master Howard Conley is visiting his uncles, Messrs. Howard and Philip Peckham in Sherburne, Mass.

Mrs. George R. Chase has gone to Haverhill, N. H., to spend a month with her sister, Mrs. George Kimball.



The MYSTERY ROAD

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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Synopsis

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I.—Feeling from a brutal stepfather, an unhappy home, and a proposed husband she detests, Myrtle, young French girl, stands in a country road on the verge of desperation.

CHAPTER II.—Halted by an exploding tire, two young Englishmen, Lord Gerald Dombey and Christopher Bent, are attracted by the girl's distressed appearance. She begs them to take her away from her misery. In a spirit of adventure they do so, conveying her to Monte Carlo and leaving her with friends. Myrtle speaks English, her mother having been an educated woman.

CHAPTER III.—Gerald sees a beautiful young woman in the gambling rooms, and is fascinated, but can only learn that she is called Pauline de Pontere and is with her aunt. He is unable to secure an introduction. Christopher and Gerald decide Myrtle shall not go back to her home. Lady Mary, Gerald's sister, secretly in love with Christopher, disapproves of the young man's guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER IV.—Gerald and Christopher arrange for a mutual guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER V.—Lord Dombey makes the acquaintance of Pauline. He is puzzled by the air of mystery and condescension surrounding her.

CHAPTER VI.—Myrtle falls desperately in love with Gerald. He, a natural flirt, is only slightly interested in the girl, while Christopher Bent really loves her and would marry her.

CHAPTER VII.—A mysterious Russian, Zubin, wins a large sum at the gambling tables. Gerald learns he knows the De Pontere, but can get no information from him.

Chapter VIII

Myrtle rose in the morning, as was her custom, at a little after seven o'clock, carefully undid her bed, dressed, and walked for an hour upon the terrace. These early diurnal wanderings were tempered with a certain sadness, although she was always finding something new—new beauties or new gorges—in this amazing spot to which she had been transported. To Myrtle, whose life as yet was composed mainly of externals, everything was beautiful. The sun warmed her with the promise of love. She was never tired of watching the little waves breaking upon the sandy strip, and the million scintillating lights upon the bay. She looked up with a glad smile at the silent hotel where Gerald was sleeping. Perhaps he was dreaming of her at that very moment. Love had crept into her life and found her very ignorant. As yet it was a beautiful and simple thing. That it was capable of change and division never even occurred to her. She loved Gerald and, although he sometimes disappointed her, it must be that Gerald loved her. She had few doubts about it all. His attitude often puzzled, sometimes even distressed her, but she put his vagaries down to her own lack of understanding. She was convinced that all would be well when she saw more of him, and she harbored a dull sense of resentment against Christopher, who she believed was always working for some unknown reason to keep them apart.

At half-past eight she returned to her rooms and deliberately attacked a great mass of sewing, which was sent to her daily from the hotel, and the payment for which, by arrangement, provided her with board and lodging. From that time onwards, she sat in the window with but one hope—the hope of seeing Gerald. Once or twice he had come and taken her out to luncheon, but Christopher was unfailing in his visits. He presented him



He Presented Himself Every Morning at About the Same Time.

self every morning at about the same time, and even if Gerald appeared, he always accompanied him. Despite her resentment against him, it was always a pleasure to hear his firm tread and

to watch his full, broad-shouldered figure and good-humored, intelligent face as he crossed the road. She found an evil counselor in Annette, the maid at the hotel, who occupied the other bedroom in the little cottages and generally looked in for a few minutes on her way to work. Annette, who was thoroughly French, was completely puzzled by the situation. She could account for it in her own mind only from the fact that the two young men were English and therefore presumably mad.

"But how mademoiselle is industrious!" she exclaimed, looking in at the door soon after Myrtle had returned from her early morning walk and settled down to her sewing. "I hope my ailing old aunt pays you well for all that sewing."

"She gives me my board and lodging here," Myrtle replied, with a smile. "That's more than contents me."

"Board and lodging! Oh, la, la!" Annette declared, sinking into her accustomed chair. "That would not content me. It is the tips from which one can buy one's clothes. It amazes me that mademoiselle does not ask Milord Dombey for some evening frocks and attend one of his supper parties. Charles, the head waiter, brings me news often of them. They are of the most amusing. There are artists there, and all manner of wonderful people. It is mademoiselle no curiosity to see life!"

Myrtle threaded a needle carefully before she replied.

"Milord Dombey," she said, "would I believe, take me, but Monsieur Christopher does not think it well that I go to those parties. He declares that they are for people whom I should not meet."

Annette clasped her hands behind the back of her head. She was vastly amused.

"Oh, la, la!" she exclaimed. "That is so like Monsieur Bent! What does he make of life, that young man? Does he think it well for a girl as beautiful as mademoiselle to sit here alone at night and creep into bed, while monsieur who adores her spends his time with other women? Poo! Mademoiselle should have courage."

Myrtle laid down her work. Her heart was beating fast.

"Tell me, Annette," she begged, "who are these guests of Milord Dombey? Why do they keep me away from them?"

"It is not Milord Dombey's fault," Annette declared. "He is a bad man, that. It is the stupid Monsieur Bent, who should have stayed at home in his dull London. They are all well enough, these guests of Milord Dombey's. Some sing at the opera; others, perhaps, have seen life in Paris, but for that what are they the worse—what harm can they do? Oh, if I were mademoiselle, I should submit no longer!"

"What should you do, Annette?" Myrtle asked, half-frightfully.

"I should put on all my prettiest clothes," Annette replied, entering into the matter with animation, "and I should come to the hotel. I should find my way to Milord Dombey—that would be for me to arrange—and I should just tell him that I had come, that I was tired of being left at home. Then I would whisper one or two of the nice little things I could think of into his ear, and I would put my arms around his neck, and—well—I know Milord Dombey—he would not send me away—not if I were made-welcome."

The work had fallen from Myrtle's hands. She was sitting up in her chair, her eyes very bright, her lips a little parted. How fortunate it was that Annette had come! Without a doubt, she would do this. Only one must be aware of Monsieur Christopher. He was full of droll ideas. He must be made to understand. Presently Annette departed, and when, a little later on, Christopher arrived to pay his morning call, Myrtle was seated as usual at her work, her manner unaltered except that she was a little gayer than usual, perhaps a little more kindly.

"Myrtle," he announced, "I have heard from my cousin in England. She thinks that she will be able to find a place in about a month's time." "That is very kind of her," Myrtle answered, without enthusiasm. "What does Gerald say about it?" "I have not mentioned it to Gerald yet," Christopher replied. "He was dining out last night and had a supper party afterward at the Carlton, and as a matter of fact he was fast asleep when I came out. I have no doubt, however, that he will be glad."

The girl made a little grimace.

"He may not be so glad to get rid of me as you," she remarked.

"We shall neither of us be here in a month's time," Christopher reminded her. "Certainly I shall not, and Gerald, I believe, is due to go to Biarritz before then."

Myrtle sewed industriously for a

moment.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "he may want me to go to Biarritz with him."

"You must not talk like that, Myrtle," Christopher said firmly. "You must not say such things. If Gerald goes, it will be with some other young men to play polo. There would be no possible place for you in such a company."

She smiled without looking up. Some day he would know the truth, this kindly but rather foolish Englishman. He would know that she and Gerald loved one another. He should always be their friend, though. He was very good, in his way, only he would not understand.

"What about a short walk before lunch?" he suggested.

Myrtle dropped her work at once. "We will go along the terrace," she proposed, "and while I sit upon a seat, you shall go in and wake up that lazy Gerald. You shall tell him that I am waiting, and I am sure that he will hurry out."

Christopher assented, a little sadly. Once or twice before they had carried out the same program, and he was wondering whether it would not have been better to have told Myrtle the truth—that on two occasions Gerald had absolutely refused to join them, and that on the third he had been brought out almost by force. There was a little pang in his heart as he watched Myrtle's gay preparations. Life was so wonderful to her that it seemed a shame to destroy a single illusion.

"We will try and rouse him out, at all events," he promised.

Chapter IX

Gerald found Pauline waiting for him at the accustomed spot after luncheon that afternoon. She was in the shadow of a great magnolia shrub, dressed in inconspicuous gray, with a veil thicker than the exigencies of motoring necessitated.

Pauline stepped lightly into the place by his side, without waiting for him to vacate his seat.

"Turn round, please," she directed. "We will go the other way. I do not choose to pass through the town."

Gerald obeyed, although her request only added fuel to the smoldering fire of his resentment. He turned away towards the mountain road and maintained a silence which was not without its significance. His companion, after a few minutes, glanced toward him indifferently. He was leaning back in his place, his eyes, as usual, fixed upon the road, his left hand firmly grasping the steering wheel. The humorous twitch, however, had gone from his mouth. There was a distinct frown upon his forehead.

"You are perhaps weary today?" she suggested. "You should like to shorten our drive?"

Gerald turned and looked at her. "I am not weary," he replied. "I am puzzled. I hate mysteries."

"The old complaint," she yawned.

"With a new reading," he retorted. "I have shown myself ready, as you must know," he went on, "to study your rather peculiar whims in every way, but when it comes to meeting you face to face at the club and revealing nothing but the stoneliest of stances, I must admit that the situation grows beyond me. I am not—well, I am not a disreputable acquaintance, am I?"

She laughed quietly.

"Not in the least. You belong to what they call in England the middle-class aristocracy, do you not—two or three centuries old, with a damp house in a park and an armful of undistinguished titles?"

"Are you afraid to present me to Madame de Pontere?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"Terrified," she admitted frankly.

"Because my quarterings are insufficient? I might remark that my father is the ninth earl and that I am his only son."

"It is not that at all," she assured him indifferently. "There is really no reason why we should not meet in a place like this on equal terms, but my aunt is a woman with only one idea in her head, and for the successful development of that idea it is advisable that we make no acquaintances whatever here. There, my Lord Dombey, have I not been kind to you? I would see more of you if I could, because it is a place like this the escort of a man is an advantage. As it is, I can assure you that I risk a good deal in taking these afternoon rides. If you knew how wearisome my life was and how grateful I really am to you for these few hours of escape, you would feel more kindly toward me. See, I give you my hand. Let us be friends."

It was the first time during all their acquaintance that she had accorded him the slightest mark of favor. The touch of her fingers thrilled and surprised him. He held her hand unresistingly for several moments. Then she drew it quietly but firmly away.

"Well, that is settled," she said. "Now talk to me about other things. Is there no news at the rooms? Has no one been breaking the bank?"

"There was something I was going to tell you," Gerald replied, with a sudden flash of recollection. "I sat next to a man at dinner last night in Ciro's grill, when they say broke the bank several times during the afternoon. I believe they said that he was a Russian. I suppose you know all about him, however."

"If?" she exclaimed. "Why should I?"

"Because, between the courses of his dinner, he wrote a letter and sent it by messenger. He was at the next table and it was impossible for me to avoid seeing the envelope. It was addressed to Madame de Pontere."

She looked at him, amazed.

"To my aunt!" she repeated. "But we received no letter from any one

last night. What was this man like?"

"They said that he was a Russian and that his name was Zubin," Gerald replied. "They also said that he had two million francs in the afternoon."

"Zubin?" she exclaimed, with a little start. "Rescuse him at once, if you please."

"That is easy," Gerald acquiesced. "He must have been at least six foot three or four, and he had tremendous shoulders. He was one of the most powerful-looking men I have ever seen in my life. He had a sallow complexion, a lined face, black eyes and a mass of black and gray hair."

"She put her hand upon his."

"Stop the car, please," she begged. "Turn round as quickly as you can. I must go home."

Gerald ran on to an adjacent widening of the road, reversed the car, and headed back for Monte Carlo.

"If I had known that my news was going to shorten our drive," he grumbled, "I shouldn't have mentioned the fellow at all."

"My friend," she said earnestly, "what you have told me may be of immense benefit for me to know."

"You recognize the man, then?"

"He is probably my aunt's steward," she confided, after a moment's hesitation. "There, you see, I am telling you secrets. Do you know whether he played last night?"

"I was only at the club," Gerald replied. "He did not come there. Is there anything I can do? Would you like me to go and look for him?"

"Yes, you might do that," she said thoughtfully. "When you have dropped me, drive down to the rooms. If you find him there, touch him on the shoulder. Say that Madame de Pontere awaits him. You will not forget this?"

"I'll drive there at once," Gerald promised.

He set Pauline down, as usual, at the gates of her villa. She scarcely stayed to say goodbye, but her smile was more gracious and her manner a little kinder. It was obvious, however, that she was disturbed by his information. Gerald, inquisitorial though he was at most times, felt a growing interest in his mission.

Arrived at the rooms, he walked straight through to the Cercle Privé, visited each roulette and trente et quinze table, and strolled round the baccarat room. Seated next to the croupier, at the most remote table, with a little crowd of people behind his chair, and with a great pile of notes before him, sat Monsieur Zubin.

The Russian was betting in maximums, apparently on some system, and with varying success. To all appearances, he had not changed his clothes, bathed or shaved since the evening before. There was an unctuous growth of beard upon his chin, a bloodshot streak in his eyes; his collar and tie were crumpled; his hair, over-luxuriant at the heat of times, was unkempt and disordered. Gerald leaned towards the attendant seated behind the croupier's chair, under pretense of handing him a small stake.

"Monsieur gambles?" Gerald remarked, with an inclination of his head toward the man who was the center of interest.

The attendant turned around with an expressive little nod.

"Yesterday he broke the bank," he whispered. "Today he can do nothing right."

"He is losing, then?"

The man's grimace was significant. Gerald watched his own stake swept away and crossed to a place behind the Russian's chair. In one of the intervals, he leaned over and touched him on the shoulder. The man took no notice. Gerald whispered in his ear.

"Madame de Pontere awaits you at the villa."

Zubin for a moment remained perfectly still. When at last he turned around, his face was ghastly. With his strong arm, he pushed back some one who intervened.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am merely a messenger," Gerald replied. "I know no more than that I was asked to give you that word if I saw you at the casino."

The Russian rose slowly to his feet, left one of the plaques to guard his place, thrust a great pile of notes into his pocket, and led Gerald into a corner.

"You have been spying on me. It is through you that madame knows I am in Monte Carlo."

"On the contrary," Gerald reminded him, "you yourself wrote a note to her and dispatched it by messenger from Ciro's."

"This note was brought back—

"He is perhaps resting in his hotel," she said, "preparing to visit us."

"He would never come without sending word beforehand," Pauline replied.

They sat side by side on one of the settees, two rather lonely and disheartened women face to face with tragedy. Pauline saw Gerald in the distance and determined upon a bold step.

"Aunt," she said, "there is a young man standing by the easy chair there, whose father lives at the adjoining villa to ours. He has once or twice offered me some small courtesies. He is alone and I am sure he would be glad to be useful. Let me send him to the casino."

"Show him to me," Madame de Pontere demanded.

Pauline pointed him out. Her aunt

glanced at him.

"One breaks a cherished tradition,"

she said, "but it must be done. I leave the

THE MYSTERY ROAD

Continued from Page 2

he begged. "I was interested in a series of numbers, and I forgot to dine. I have ordered a bottle of wine. You will perhaps join me."

"Very good of you," Gerald replied. "It is rather between times for me. I'll have a fine champagne, if I may."

Monsieur Zubin bowed gravely and the brandy was brought. Without turning a hair, he drank two tumblersful of the wine. Then he turned courteously to his companion.

"If you have no objection," he proposed, "we will walk outside to the Sporting club. The distance is the same and the air is fresher."

Gerald assented readily, and they started off side by side. The Russian was walking with his shoulders back, like a man on parade, and Gerald suddenly felt that his own stature had become insignificant. All the way his companion seemed to be reciting to himself in some foreign tongue, reciting something which now and then seemed to have the swing of blank verse. As they reached the steps which led up to the Sporting club, he came to a full stop and glanced around.

"Young man," he said, frowning, "you are probably a little curious about me. This is the truth. Let those know it who may be interested."

I am the steward of Madame de Pontere and the trustee of as much as is left of her revenues. I came here ashamed of their scentsiness, and the wild idea of enlarging them at the tables occurred to me. I have failed. There is a vulture here, you see, by my side, and the commissioners are here to help you. I apologize for the trouble I am giving. I charge you to deliver the expression of my undying devotion to Madame and Mademoiselle."

His right hand, which had been fumbling in the pocket of his dinner coat, shot out like lightning. A small revolver, flashing in the electric light, was pressed to his temple. There were two almost simultaneous reports.

Rumors were already floating about the club when Gerald hurried in, five minutes later. Both women looked at him in half-fearful inquiry. Gerald was very grave.

"Madame," he announced, "I bring bad news."

Madame unfurled her black lace fan and fanned herself slowly.

"One bears that a man has shot himself outside," she said. "It is, perhaps, the man whom I sent you to seek?"

"It is he," Gerald acknowledged.

Madame de Pontere rose to her feet. She was an ugly woman whom, up to that moment, Gerald had detested. He found himself now admiring her profoundly. She leaned a little upon the stick which she carried in her left hand. Her right she extended towards Gerald.

"If you will give me the support of your arm downstairs, Lord Dombey, I shall be glad," she continued. "I am an old woman, and these shocks become more poignant with the years. Zubin was a faithful servant of my house. I am affected."

They made their slow progress from the room. Madame held her head high. Mademoiselle was a little paler than usual, but her good night to the commissioner was as clear and gracious as ever. No signs of any disturbance remained outside.

Monte Carlo knew how to deal with these things. Their automobile was already in attendance, and the two women took their places at once.

"We are much obliged for your assistance, Lord Dombey," madame declared. "I regret that we should have given you so tragical an errand."

"You will permit me to call, perhaps, at the villa?" Gerald begged.

"I shall not be receiving for several days," madame replied. "If you are so gracious as to leave a card, my servants will tell you when I am disposed to see friends."

The car gilded off. Madame leaned back with closed eyes. Gerald caught just a faint glimpse of Pauline's profile, very pale, a gleam of terror in her eyes, as though she knew that they were passing over the spot where Zubin had died.

Chapter X

It was after dinner at the Villa Acacia, and Lady Mary and Christopher, hardest of the little gathering, were strolling back and forth on the terrace in the violet darkness. The two were old enough friends to speak intimately on many topics. They were talking tonight of Gerald.

"Gerald, as a rule," his sister declared, "is almost over-cautious about his love affairs. This is certainly the first time I remember him to have been mysterious."

"I don't think he has seen anything of Mademoiselle de Pontere since the tragedy at the Sporting club," Christopher remarked.

"Really," Mary sighed, "you young men who should be our greatest comfort are actually our greatest responsibility. First of all you pick up a peasant girl on the road, over whom you both seem to have lost your heads more or less, and now Gerald is behaving like a lunatic about this young foreign woman."

"Has Gerald told you of the latest developments with regard to Myrtle?" Christopher inquired. "I have some friends in London who have promised to take her for a nursery governess."

"Are either of you in love with her?"



"I feel a great deal of sympathy for our neighbors," Lord Hinterleys remarked. "Old Colonel Huskinson whom I met on the terrace this morning, told me that the man was bringing them money for some estates he had sold, which were practically their only means of subsistence."

Lord Hinterleys picked up his cards. Mary came in from the terrace and seated herself by Gerald's side. The quietness of the evening, however, was almost immediately disturbed. The butler threw open the door, announced guests.

The Ladies Victoria and Millicent Cromwell, Mr. James Cromwell, Lady Essenden.

They all trooped in—intimates of the young people of the house.

"We want you to come down to the club for an hour or two," Lady Victoria, who was always the leading spirit, suggested. "Dad's just paid his dress allowance, and I'm dying to lose it, and Jiminy's going to give us supper and take us to dance somewhere after ward."

"Added to which," her sister, Lady Millicent, went on, "we have brought you news. We know all about the man who committed suicide the other night."

There was a dead silence, a most effective background, for Lady Victoria's announcement.

"They tried hard to keep it secret," she said, "but an English journalist discovered the truth. The man's name was Zubin, and he was the steward of two unfortunate ladies who live near me. He had just arrived from Russia with a large sum of money for them, went into the rooms, gambled with it and lost the lot. They say that it was nearly three million francs and that it was every penny those poor women had in the world."

"She will get over that," Mary said dryly. "Most of the girls I know have been in love with Gerald at some time or another. Sooner or later, the wise ones find him out and the butterfly ones fly away somewhere else. It may seem unfeeling, but I am more concerned about you, Christopher, than Gerald."

He passed his arm through hers, an action which their increasing intimacy seemed to render perfectly natural.

"Mary," he began, "you are just the one person in the world to whom I could confess an impulse of folly, and this is, I suppose, the one place I could do it in. I frankly don't understand what you mean by being in love. When I have thought of marriage, it has been in connection with some dear woman friend who would make a home for me and be a companion. Of course, I expected to care for her and all that, but—promise you won't laugh at me?"

"I shall not laugh," Mary promised. "For the first time in my life, that child has made me think of other things," Christopher acknowledged simply. "I don't know that it amounts to anything, I dare say really it is an unsuspected vein of kindness which she has touched; but there it is. I have an absurd feeling of fondness for her. The idea of her becoming a plaything for Gerald or anybody makes a madman of me."

"And she?"

"Looks upon me as a kind person but an intolerable nuisance. She dreams of nobody but Gerald. If it fits his little finger, she is his."

"Really?" Mary drawled coldly.

"Please don't judge her too harshly," Christopher begged. "Myrtle is temporarily incapable of a mean or an immoral action. She is just a child of nature, only instead of being swayed by the lower instincts, she is swayed by the higher ones. She loves Gerald, and nothing else counts with her. She would have thrown herself into the river sooner than have given herself in marriage to the Innkeeper. She is equally capable of giving her life and her soul to Gerald, if he requires the sacrifice."

Mary turned her head towards the window.

"I think that father wants his game of backgammon," she observed. "We must talk of this again some time. Will you go first and say that I shall be there directly?"

Christopher stepped obediently through the window, and Mary passed on to the further end of the terrace, where the shadows were deeper. For a moment her self-control slipped away. Her fingers gripped the ivy stalks fiercely. There were tears in her eyes, her rather firm but sensitive little mouth quivered passionately. It seemed so many years since Christopher had first represented to her all that she desired in manhood—a man of character, a worker, a sportsman when the time came, always amiable, always ready to play his brain against others. She had fancied him in parliament, a cabinet minister later in life, perhaps. She had thought with happiness of the many ways in which she could further his career; had dreamed with pleasure of playing hostess for him in a joint establishment. She had known that the consummation of her wish was inevitable, unless something should come between. And something had most unexpectedly come between—this peasant girl, this birth of a spurious sentiment—nothing, in a man like Gerald, but very much to be dreaded in a person of Christopher's poise and steadfastness. She was a proud young woman for all her gracious ways, and, although she refused to find anything fault in his attitude, the pain that she suffered in those few moments was not only of the heart.

Christopher and his host, in the intervals of their game, talked of the latest suicide. With the usual amazing secrecy of the local press, not one word had appeared in any paper published in the vicinity.

"I have reason to surmise," Gerald went on, "that a misfortune has befallen these ladies. If they had confided in me, I would have given them the greatest pleasure to have offered them assistance."

The jeweler smiled inscrutably.

"I fear that it would have been useless, milord," he said. "I have had the privilege of knowing the elder of these ladies for some thirty years, and I supplied the first string of pearls which the younger lady ever wore, at the time of her confirmation. I would willingly have undertaken the payment of such debts as were owing in Monte Carlo, without security, but I should never have had the courage to suggest it. You will see an announcement in the evening paper, milord, that all claims against the ladies will be settled by me on demand."

"If I buy the necklace," Gerald proposed bluntly, "will you tell me how and where to find Mademoiselle de Pontere?"

The jeweler's bow was almost frigid. "My word is passed to these two ladies, milord. I have no information

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to give you."

"You cannot even tell me what relation they were to Monsieur Zubin?"

"There is no question of relationship, milord. Monsieur Zubin was, I understand, the steward entrusted with the realization of certain properties belonging to Mademoiselle. I do not know whether I have a right even to say so much," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "but it suggests itself that it was owing to Monsieur Zubin's embezzlements—he is reported to have lost several millions at the tables here—that the ladies whom we have been discussing found themselves temporarily embarrassed."

Gerald laid down the pearls.

"If you care to keep these for me for a week," he proposed, "until I get the money from London, I will have them."

The man bowed.

"Milord can take them with him," he said, "or permit me to send them to the hotel. Payment can be as delayed."

"I have committed an extravagance," Gerald confessed, as the two young men continued their stroll. "I have given seven thousand pounds, and for that sum there is not such another necklace in the world."

"I recognize the necklace," Gerald admitted. "I might, under certain circumstances, be induced to buy it. I came in, however, to ask you how you obtained possession of it, and the rings below?"

The man's manner changed.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am not able to explain exactly how this jewelry came into our hands. There are certain confidences which, in the interests of our clients, we are forced to respect."

"Quite so," Gerald agreed, "but I can assure you that I am not an impudent inquirer. This is my name"—he handed the man a card—"and I was an acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Pontere, from whom you must have obtained this necklace. I last saw Madame and Mademoiselle de Pontere under very tragic circumstances, and I understand that they have now left Monte Carlo. I am most anxious to obtain word as to their whereabouts."

"I regret deeply that I am entirely powerless in the matter, milord," the man replied.

Gerald agreed.

"I am going to keep it until I meet Mademoiselle de Pontere again," Gerald replied. "Then I shall beg to be allowed to present it to her."

Christopher looked up toward the hills.

"It's too misty for golf," he said.

"Shall we go and see Myrtle?"

"I suppose so," Gerald agreed, without marked interest. "Any news from your nursery governess friend?"

"They can't take her for a month or so," Christopher replied. "I don't quite know what to do about it. I must leave on Thursday week."

Gerald laughed.

"And you don't trust her here with me, old chap, is that it?"

"Something like it, I'm afraid," the other admitted frankly.

Gerald sighed.

"What a Lothario you must think me!" he declared. "As a matter of fact, Chris, I don't think that the ingenue does attract me very much. I am too young and unsophisticated myself. It is hardened sinners like you who are bowled over by rusticity and morals. I prefer something a little more advanced in the world's ways."

"Then, for heaven's sake, leave the others alone!" Christopher enjoined curtly. "We have a difficult task before us with Myrtle, especially as, for once in her life, Mary doesn't seem inclined to help us. Treat the child like a child."

"What do you mean by 'sensibly,' old chap?"

"Well, remember that she has to be a nursery governess and not a Parisian demimonde. It's idiotic to take her to these smart restaurants, and dancing places. It's outside her life. It gives her false ideas."

"Frankly, you bore me about Myrtle," Gerald declared. "You ought to have been born in the days of dear old Oliver Cromwell. My idea is that girls were made to live like butterflies, to be happy just in the few hours when the sun shines."

"You have not even the philosophy of the pagan," Christopher retorted. "You forget that the butterfly enjoys life merely as a holiday existence. Take her to Nice, by all means, if you want to, Gerald, but don't turn her head."

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Myrtle came down the street toward them. Gerald's face cleared—as he watched her. It was lit with a wave of admiration.

"She is like a piece of floating sun-silk," he declared enthusiastically. "Chris, I'm not at all sure that she ought to be a nursery governess. She's going to be beautiful enough to turn the heads of half the men in Europe."

"It will be very largely our responsibility," Christopher said, lowering his voice a little as Myrtle drew near, "whether that beauty is going to be a curse or a happiness to her. Don't you forget that, Gerald."

(To be continued)

Hard to Kill

From South Carolina comes this story of a farmer who decided to find out just how much heat and cold a boll weevil can stand. He caught one and froze it into a cake of ice, left it there for 24 hours, then thawed the ice and was astonished to see the bug stretch its wings and walk away. He caught it again, put it under a pan on the stove and built up a good fire. The stove got red hot, the pan got red hot, and evidently the weevil also got red hot. At any rate when the farmer lifted the pan the weevil flew out the window and set fire to the barn. The moral of the yarn is not quite clear, but probably it has something to do with the old maxim: "Never depend on the weather to kill bugs.—Youth's Companion."

Long in One Factory

Swiss papers report the recent retirement of a seventy-two-year-old textile worker of Wattwil, after having worked in the same factory since her eighth birthday. Her last day was made a festive occasion by her fellow-t

Established 1769

The Mercury.

Volume 1.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

101
102

Saturday, July 26, 1924

Out in Easton, Pennsylvania, a town somewhat smaller than Newport, they started in to raise \$760,000 to build a new hotel. Before they got through the drive, which lasted about a week, they had gone over the top, and raised \$1,126,000. Newport please take notice.

What the Democratic minority expect to gain by keeping up this farce at the State House day after day, week after week and month after month, while the state suffers for lack of the passage of important non-political bills, it is impossible to conceive. Why not get together, pass the annual appropriation bill, and relieve private charity from saving the state from the disgrace of starving its employees, and then go home, and go to the people in November for endorsement? From this long continued filibuster it is pretty evident that the principal actors are not at all sure the people are behind them. This farce has now been going on for thirty weeks. Nothing has been gained by it for its prime movers, but the state has gained much unpleasant notoriety.

What will the end be? A writer in the Providence Journal, who has carefully investigated the matter, shows that for every dollar the forty-eight states, including cities and towns and all other subdivisions, owed in 1922, they owe \$2.27 today. In other words the liability resting upon the taxpayer is nearly two and a half times greater after five years of peace than it was a decade ago. The total debt increased in ten years from \$3,821,897,000 to \$8,696,939,000. The increase in the public debts in the states proper, not including the cities and towns and all other subdivisions, in the ten years, ranges all the way from 60 per cent. in Rhode Island, to 560 per cent. in some of the Southern States. Every state, and nearly every incorporated town, shows a big increase in its indebtedness. If a private individual succeeded in running in debt in ten years as have all our states, cities, and towns, we should say that bankruptcy stared him in the face at no far distant day.

THE COMING PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

That the coming Presidential election will be a hard fought political battle there can be no shadow of doubt. At the present time it cannot be predicted with any degree of certainty on whom the choice will fall, though the chances for the Coolidge ticket look more favorable than they do for Davis. Of course no one, not even the candidate himself, expects the Lafollette ticket to be successful. It may be successful in drawing enough votes to prevent the choice of anyone by the people. In that case the election will devolve on the present house of representatives. There again will be a great element of uncertainty. If the election devolves on the House, the vote is taken by states, each state having one vote, and the political complexion of the majority in each state determines the vote of that state. Twenty-three of the states have a Republican majority, twenty a Democratic, and five are evenly divided. It takes 25 states to elect, so it is easy to see the complication that may arise in the event of the election being thrown into the House. In case the House of Representatives should fail to elect a President before the fourth of March, then it would devolve on the Senate, which shall be chosen on next November 4, to choose from the two Vice Presidential candidates having the highest number of votes, a "President pro tem," who shall act as President, as in the case of death, or other constitutional disability of the President. So it is within the range of possibility that either Mr. Dawes or Mr. Bryan may be the next President of these United States. In the present Senate there are claimed to be 51 Republicans, 43 Democrats, and 2 Farm-Laborites. In the Republican list are enrolled Lafollette and his colleague and several others whom it would be a rank misnomer to call Republicans. What the political complexion of the next Senate will be only a prophet can predict. In choosing the President the House can select any one of the three highest candidates, that is, they can vote for either Coolidge, Davis or Lafollette. If the election should devolve on the Senate then the choice must be made between the two highest Vice Presidential can-

didates, either Dawes or Bryan.

It will thus be seen that the political future is shrouded in considerable doubt. In the fight which is to come it behoves every good citizen, both male and female, to come out and cast his or her vote for the candidates whom they believe will best serve the interests of the whole nation. When a full vote is cast in any election the Republican ticket is pretty sure to win. It has many times been proved that a great majority of the stay at homes are Republicans nominally.

EVERYBODY SHOULD VOTE

Efforts are being made in many different communities and states to get out more voters this fall. The stay-at-home citizen is a lazy member of society who is not carrying his share of responsibility for government. Even if the non-voters are divided in opinion about as the voters, so that the results would hardly be changed though every enfranchised citizen cast a ballot, a larger turnout of voters would mean a larger general interest in government.

In 1920, when the vote was unusually heavy, only 40 per cent. of eligible citizens cast their ballots. Men voters of the nation should have polled that much alone, even without the recently enfranchised women who were expected to vote so heavily.

It is easy enough to lose interest in voting. The individual citizen, if disliking policies or candidates represented on any or all tickets finds it easier just to drop the matter than to get out and hustle with his neighbors to present better policies and better candidates.

But the point urged by those who would get out all voters, if possible, is that those who do vote take a greater interest in public affairs than those who do not, and interest in public affairs on the part of all private citizens is greatly needed in this country now to clean up the dirty spots in politics.

In our own state two years ago there were 80,000 persons entitled to vote, who were too indifferent or too lazy to come out, who did not vote. Had all those persons voted, does anyone suppose for a moment that the disgraceful scenes that have been enacted in our State House during the past six months would have prevailed? The lesson taught this year, and is still being enacted, ought to be sufficient to induce every law abiding citizen, male and female, to come out on November 4, and vote for law and order in this state as well as for good government throughout the Union.

The genius employed in outwitting the Volstead Act, if applied to business generally, ought to bring fabulous wealth to the inventor. Many doctors, it is said who, at their legitimate practice could scarcely earn enough to meet living expenses, are now getting rich issuing liquor prescriptions to an entirely new class of "patients," those who are "ill from thirst." It is said that during the past year 11,268,469 liquor prescriptions were issued by the doctors of the country, principally by those

who could not make a living by legitimate practice. These prescriptions called for 1,347,573 gallons of whiskey, 9,445 gallons of brandy, 8,173 gallons of gin, 2,015 gallons of rum, 30,757 gallons of wine, and 2,156 gallons of alcohol. From the above statistics it does not look as though the "thirsty" need to have suffered much in that line in the Year of our Lord 1923.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana, a Democrat by profession, has accepted the second place on Lafollette's ticket, and will run as Vice President. He says, in accepting Lafollette's offer: "I am a Democrat, but not a Wall Street Democrat." He charged the Democratic party with ignoring the call of the millions in economic distress and declared there was no choice between Davis and Coolidge, whom he characterized as the candidates of reaction and the "privileged interests." This movement ought to be a help to the Coolidge ticket.

The Newport County Agricultural Society will hold its next annual fair on the Society's grounds in Portsmouth, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1924. Preparations are now under way to make this the biggest and best exhibit yet made by this Society. All that will be required to make it a grand success is good weather, and that has already been spoken for.

Will not somebody please write a little music to make the Rhode Island and story a complete comic opera? Boston Herald.

Consult any Democratic camp, Mr. Herald, and you will hear all the music you desire.

NEWPORT VS. CALIFORNIA

(Providence Journal)

The highest suicide rates of 100 American cities in 1923 were reported, strangely enough, from four California communities—San Diego had 60 suicides for each 100,000 of population (which translated means 41), while San Francisco's rate was 33.6, Los Angeles's 33 and Sacramento's 31.3.

Life in the Golden State has been supposed to be particularly free from care and worry. We less fortunate mortals in other states have been urged to pack up our troubles in our old kit bags and hike, hike, hike—to California. But these latest figures will instill new doubt in our hesitating minds. Evidently the great Pacific Commonwealth is not quite the Utopia that it has been cracked up to be.

Meanwhile the city in the list of 100 that comes lowest—or stands highest—in respect of suicides is our own Newport, within whose borders no one was persuaded to put an end to his earthly existence in 1923.

The farce at the State House is still kept up, the senate remaining in session, most of the time, only long enough for some Democrat to move to adjourn. Meanwhile the Republican senators are still in "exile" at Rutland.

This week matters have been enlivened somewhat by the attempt to fasten the bromide gassing episode in the State House some months ago on the Republican leaders. Affidavits laying the blame on both parties have been sent broadcast, by those charged with the offense, each party denying the charges made by the other party. The amusing feature of the whole affair this week was the arrest and detention of the officials sent out to Rutland by the Governor to obtain information as to the whereabouts of certain persons wanted in the gassing affair. This arrest called forth a long letter of protest from Governor Flynn to the Governor of Massachusetts.

The General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the United States of America will hold its next Triennial Convocation in the city of Portland, Maine, beginning Wednesday, September 10, and continuing through the week. The Masons of Maine have laid out a big programme of entertainment for the visiting Masons and their wives. This is the first time this body has met in the East for many years.

Henry Ford reports that he has now produced 10,000,000 cars of his standard model. More impressive still is the recorded increase in the rate of production. Starting in 1908, it took the Ford Motor Company seven years to turn out the first million cars. It turned out the last million in 132 working days.

Women members of the Democratic National Committee kicked when they received badges, classifying them as "associate members," and were promptly placated with full membership badges. All that women have to do nowadays when they don't get what they want in politics is to go for it.

The cost of food is still going up. There was an average increase throughout the country in the month of June of one per cent. The increased cost of living since 1913 is placed at 46 per cent. In many articles of food the increase has been much greater.

There is an old gentleman in Brooklyn who celebrated his ninety-second birthday recently who says he never took a drink of intoxicating fluid or attended a theatre in his life. "What a monotonous life he must have lived!" we hear someone exclaim.

Federal agents made a seizure of several cases of imported beer on a farm in Middletown on Wednesday.

Weekly Calendar JULY 1924

STANDARD TIME.

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
26 Sat	27 Sun	28 Mon	29 Tues	30 Wed	31 Thurs	1 Fri
28 Sat	29 Sun	30 Mon	31 Tues	1 Wed	2 Thurs	3 Fri
29 Sat	30 Sun	31 Mon	1 Tues	2 Wed	3 Thurs	4 Fri
30 Sat	31 Sun	1 Mon	2 Tues	3 Wed	4 Thurs	5 Fri
31 Sat	1 Sun	2 Mon	3 Tues	4 Wed	5 Thurs	6 Fri
1 Sun	2 Mon	3 Tues	4 Wed	5 Thurs	6 Fri	7 Sat

New moon, 24, 1:36 morning

First quarter, 9:18, 4:47 morning

Full moon, 14th, 8:50 morning

Last quarter, 23:41, 11:31 morning

New moon, 31st, 2:43 evening

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SENRITA ALOMA

Her Pathetic Figure
Made Court RelentCAMPAIGN BY
RADIO DIFFICULT

Experts Say Managers Fail to Figure on Expense and Limitations of Broadcasting.

WINDJAMMER IS NOW DOOMED

Radio Listeners Says Expert, Would Tune Out Perpetrator of Old-Fashioned Harangue—Politicians Face New Situation.

New York.—Managers of national, State and local political organizations who have recently looked forward with announcements that they intended to make a "radio campaign" are doomed to some disappointment, according to opinions expressed in the offices of the big broadcasting companies. Discussion of this subject was precipitated by announcements in the newspapers from William M. Butler, Republican National Chairman, that President Coolidge would make few public appearances during the campaign, but devote his speech-making largely to the microphone.

"That makes it unanimous," said one broadcasting manager. "Now they've all said they're going to do it. The demand is going to exceed the facilities by far, and some of them are going to be disappointed. We have not only Presidential candidates and the national campaign to handle, but we have State campaigns and others of a more local nature. It simply cannot be done. Radio men in touch with the various national committees have found out one thing, and that is that their officials know almost nothing about the practical problems involved. It devolves upon us to straighten out the tangle. They announce they are going to broadcast, but it is we who will have to deliver the goods."

It was learned that so far no definite arrangements have been made by any of the national committees for broadcasting. The subject is being actively considered, however, by the radio men, who realize the unprecedented problem they have to face.

They pointed out that a national campaign by radio is a complete novelty. There never has been one before. There are no rules. The rules will have to be made up as they go along. Nor are there any data on hand as a result of past experience to serve as a guide to what may be needed. The whole question will have to be studied from the ground up.

An official of one of the largest coal-curers that broadcasts, who is known for the broad viewpoint with which he looks at all the problems of the industry, consented to discuss the subject for publication provided his name was not used nor his company identified.

"Radio provides an important utility for employment in the forthcoming campaign," this man said, "and, of course, we want to make it available to the greatest possible extent. But the fact remains that the demands all the political managers have expressed would swamp us if we attempted to fill them. They cannot be filled as they stand. What we are faced with, therefore, is the necessity of adjusting the existing facilities to give the utmost possible service."

"This being a national campaign, of course, the national committees are talking about broadcasting the speeches of their candidates 'all over the country.' They are faced with disappointment right there, for that cannot be done except in very limited instances."

The trouble seems to be that the political managers believe broadcasting to San Francisco is as simple as getting a through telephone wire there. Those who know radio know that is very far from the truth.

"It is obvious that a Republican campaign speech is not going to be devoted to the merits of the Democratic Party, nor that the Democratic orators are going to spend much time extolling the virtues of their opponents. How and where can the line be drawn in fairness? We don't know now. That is one of the things we shall have to learn about as we go along, as we shall have to learn a good many other things in this unprecedented situation."

WANT TO SELL GRAIN CONCERN

Firms in Northwest Would Dispose of Property to Bureau.

Minneapolis.—Thirty-six grain companies of the Northwest offered to sell their entire holdings, including 1,062 country elevators in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Montana, to the American Farm Bureau Federation. These holdings also include twenty-two terminal elevators in Minneapolis and twelve in Duluth, with a total capacity of approximately 65,000,000 bushels.

WHEELER WITH LA FOLLETTE

Montana Senator on Third Ticket as "Liberal Aid."

Washington.—Yielding to the appeal of Senator La Follette and his supporters who had offered to endorse him, Senator Wheeler announced that he would accept the Vice-Presidential nomination on the La Follette independent ticket.

Mr. Wheeler previously declared that while he would support La Follette, he was unwilling to become his running mate.

NEW YORK.—After serving only one day as a major general so that he might receive the pay due to that grade, Major General Hutchison, one of the most distinguished officers of the United States army, was retired.

JEFFERSON CAFFERY

Charge d'Affaires at the Tokyo Embassy



Studio portrait of Jefferson Caffery, Charge d'Affaires at the Tokyo Embassy.

Teheran, Persia.—Vice Consul Robert Imbrie, of the United States, who died after he had been beaten by a fanatical mob as he and an American named Melvin Seymour were photographing a sacred fountain, was buried at Teheran, the entire diplomatic corps attending the funeral.

The tragedy was the culmination of recent anti-foreign and particularly anti-British activity which had been evidenced in the native press and elsewhere, and which the Government appears unable to check owing to the lack of laws controlling such activities of the press.

The fountain where Imbrie was beaten and where Seymour, described as a driller, suffered serious injuries at the hands of the crowd, is supposed by the natives of the city to have been the scene a few days ago of a miracle and ever since huge crowds have been making pilgrimages to it.

No Attempt to Place Blame

Washington.—Instructions were received by the Persian legation from its Government to express to the Washington Government its deep regret over the killing of Vice Consul Robert Imbrie by a native mob at Teheran and to state that the Persian Government will do "all in its power to fulfill its duties in this case." The Persian Government, it was added, is seeking "the guilty persons in the case and will take all possible steps to secure their punishment."

First advices on the killing from Joseph S. Kornfeld, United States Minister at Teheran, were received at the State Department, but were regarded as too meager to form the basis of any decision as to responsibility for the death of Imbrie. Summarizing these advices in a statement, the department said:

"A cablegram from the American Minister at Teheran, Joseph S. Kornfeld, dated on the evening of July 18, states that Vice Consul Imbrie succumbed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to the shock following an assault by a mob which practically cut and beat him to death."

The Minister reports that for some days throughout the city there had been denunciations of Bahais, a religious sect, and many religious demonstrations. It appears that at 11 a.m. the Vice Consul, accompanied by Seymour, a prisoner in the Consulate, stopped their carriage in front of one of these demonstrations, and it was alleged that the Vice Consul had taken pictures.

"The mob rushed upon him, crying out that he was a Bahai, and, though the servant of an American missionary cried out that he was the American Consul, the mob took no heed of the statement, dragged the Americans from their carriage and attacked them savagely. The Minister adds that Seymour's condition is grave, and that he could make no statement."

Reference by Minister Kornfeld to Melvin Seymour as a "prisoner in the Consulate" was regarded by officials as presenting no unusual feature, as he is understood to have been tried by the United States Consular Court in Persia for alleged mistreatment of native workmen engaged in oil development projects in which he was interested.

Under the extra-territoriality court system set up by agreement between the United States and Persian governments, Americans are tried by American courts in Persia, rather than by native tribunals, and this policy is followed whenever trouble develops between Americans and natives in that country. Such a trial was reported to have been held for Seymour, the sentence of the court being a year's confinement in the Consulate.

Large and Red, Itched, Cuticura Healed.

"I had pimples break out all over my face and arms. They were hard, large and red, and were so itchy that they caused me to scratch, which made them worse. My face and arms were a sight."

The trouble lasted about nine months.

I heard about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased some, and after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment was healed." (Signed) Miss Julia Borella, 205 Oak St., Bridgewater, Mass., Oct. 2, 1923.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Sample Free by Mail Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. K, Melville 41, New York." Where Soap & Ointment Sold in Wholesale.

Try our new Shaving Stick.

U.S. CONSUL SLAIN
BY PERSIAN MOB

American Official Dies After Being Cut and Beaten in Streets of Teheran.

COMPANION GRAVELY HURT

Pair Attacked by Mob of Fanatics as They Were Photographing a Fountain—Government Defers Action Pending Explanation

Teheran, Persia.—Vice Consul Robert Imbrie, of the United States, who died after he had been beaten by a fanatical mob as he and an American named Melvin Seymour were photographing a sacred fountain, was buried at Teheran, the entire diplomatic corps attending the funeral.

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Sample Free by Mail Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. K, Melville 41, New York." Where Soap & Ointment Sold in Wholesale.

Try our new Shaving Stick.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Interest at the rate of
4½ Per cent
Per Annum

Deposits made on, or before Saturday, July 19, 1924, begin to draw interest on that date.

THE REAL TEST

of a man's financial ability consists not so much in acquiring as in saving. Decide to save a part of each earned dollar—and deposit regularly with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attended toCHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE COMMOTIONAll Goods
are Fresh
AbsolutelyNEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest
From the Six States

The subcommittee on street traffic of the Boston Chamber of Commerce is at it again, counting automobiles and making a comprehensive traffic count of every vehicle entering and leaving downtown Boston." The figures show that the busiest hour of the day is between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening and that the busiest of all downtown streets is Beacon street below Arlington. In this evening hour some 16,000 automobiles are moving in the downtown section.

The most extensive trials ever given a warship by the United States government await the super-dreadnaught West Virginia, which will begin her standardization tests on the Rockland, Me., course Aug. 16, according to messages received from Washington. In addition to the ordinary standardization and endurance trials, it was said, a great number of special tests will be applied to the West Virginia to demonstrate her various capabilities.

A rat lured a large dog nearly to its death at Winsted, Conn. The rat, chased by the dog, ran 1000 feet into a 10-inch drain, when the dog became wedged in the pipe. A pick and shovel were used to dig down to the drain, break the tile and rescue the dog, which had been imprisoned 10 hours.

John Shean of Boston called on C. Brown of Colchester, Conn., and gave him \$3.25 that he claimed he had owed for a pair of shoes that he had bought more than 30 years ago when Brown conducted a general store there. Brown had no record of the bill, but Shean insisted on paying him.

Mrs. Carolyn V. C. Raymond of Norwalk, Ct., whose engagement to Dr. Junius Hardin McHenry of New York City has been announced, will lose a \$200,000 bequest from her late husband by marrying Dr. McHenry. If she remarries the amount will go to Mr. Raymond's daughter by a former marriage.

The three-story colonial wooden farmhouse at Keris Island, Newbury, Mass., owned by Albert Parsons, was destroyed by fire together with most of its contents. The farmhouse was built in 1812 and contained a large number of valuable antiques, including oil painting owned by Leonard N. Kent, whose ancestors had occupied the island more than 250 years.

BANKERS OPPOSE LOAN PLAN

Say They Cannot Deal on the Terms Arranged.

London.—The Inter-Allied premiers' conference on a reparation settlement struck a serious snag when it became known that the bankers who will have

the responsibility of raising \$200,000,000 as a loan to Germany had set

no notice on the statesmen that the report of the first committee dealing with safeguards was not satisfactory.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCIERS DEMAND MORE SECURITY.

LAYS CANCER TO RICH FOOD

Danish Expert Blames Civilization's Fleshpots.

Copenhagen.—Civilization is blamed for the increase of cancer by Dr. Mikkel Hindhede, Danish nutrition expert.

He points out that the non-cultured

races and aborigines do not contract

cancer of the digestive organs until they become acquainted with civilization's fleshpots.

Dr. Hindhede is of the opinion that

leaves cancer is due chiefly to overeating of rich food.

PIMPLES OVER
FACE AND ARMS

Large and Red, Itched,
Cuticura Healed.

DECIDING ON WORTH OF A WIFE

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

(© 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Ellice dashed up the piazza steps, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes flushing sparks, and dropped into the easiest chair, sputtering: "Of—all—things! The old idiot! Always did hate him—now I hate even to think of him."

"Because of—what? And who is he?" Aunt Margaret questioned magisterially. Ellice fell from sputtering to laughing hard—so hard it was two minutes before she could answer. "Old Mr. Jaggers—he asked me to marry him—right away—and before three other folks in the store."

"Did—eh? Thought he'd have to ask somebody before long," Aunt Margaret returned, bridling.

"They why in the world didn't he ask *me*?" Ellice flung back, "but—he'd be 'most too old for you even. Why, they say he's been old Jaggers pretty nearly ever since the town was a town."

"Why didn't you ask him that?" Aunt Margaret returned, acidly. "I don't want him—but you mighty sure of that—but it would 'a been a mighty fine come-back to the poor old fool."

"What made you say you were lookin' for him to try for a wife?" Ellice asked.

"Again Aunt Margaret bridled. "I knew he needed money," she said; her accent tentative.

Ellice stared. "Money! I haven't got any—only expectations—if I live long enough."

"Lucky for you—if you had the money in hand, it would be spent before you could more'n say Jack Robinson," from Aunt Margaret.

"Why, you talk like I was a wicked spendthrift!" Ellice protested.

"Her aunt shook her head. "No—you're near-thirty," she said. "But—money burns holes in Zeb Dancy's pockets—if you had it in hand he'd have you—in less 'n no time."

"How dare you!" Ellice cried, springing up and stamping her foot. "As you seem not to know it, let me tell you flat-footed, I could have him right now—or any time I choose, even to look yes."

"Better look it some other way—say when Jimmy Cole is passin'," Aunt Margaret said with a lurking smile. "Jimmy don't hate money, but—it won't count in wife-choosin' with him. Can't say that for your friend Zeb—he hates it so, he's always wantin' to get rid of it."

"Is that why you hate him so?" Ellice queried.

Aunt Margaret shook her head vigorously. "I don't hate him—only his ways. Spongin' for everything on that pay-crop old Jaggers, his uncle—now: think of it. I'll bet a hat he's behind this urge to matrimony."

"Explain!" Ellice demanded imperatively.

Aunt Margaret laughed grimly before answering. "Ever since he opened that jewelry shop, forty years back, he's been sellin' stuff that stuck in the show cases for notes, payable when he was married. Must have thousands in each box by this time—folks that made 'em feel like the things were free. It was beyond 'em to think of Jaggers gettin' a wife—honesty, and a cross-patch, and never goin' to church—and always makin' out he's a plunck, pecky—though I've known him to be mighty liberal, if nobody had to know about it."

"How funny!" Ellice exploded. "How did you know he needs money?"

"Easy as breathin'—he tried to borrow some of me—when Joe Sims paid his mortgage last week—" from Aunt Margaret.

"And you wouldn't lend it! Shame on you, Margaret!" Ellice cried merrily.

Aunt Margaret flushed faintly, flung up her head and said: "None of your business, Miss Impudence! Just my own lone self's!"

Ellice was darting toward the steps. Over her shoulder she said, gayly: "The plot thickens—I'm bound to solve it. Going now to ask Old Jag just how much a wife will be worth to him! If the figure is handsome enough I may reconsider. Am sure I could aggravate him to death inside six months."

"I'll stand security for that—but who is he? I want to know," from Jimmy Coles, who, coming in the back way, suddenly debouched upon the piazza. He was twenty-five, tall, lean, lithesome, and tanned as becomes the best farmer in all Brush Creek neighborhood. Hexham town knew him almost as well as his own fat acre.

He was Aunt Margaret's best pal—the explained to him instantly all that had passed—with Ellice standing mutinously at attention, now and then making faces, as Jimmy laughed outright. "Go to it, daughter—it's the chance of a lifetime!" he said at last.

Again her foot stamped hard. "What would you do—if I took your advice?" she asked, her breath coming quick.

"I wouldn't wait for you—weeds would make you too utterly devastating," he laughed back. "But say—there may be a complication—Old Jaggers may bar Nephew Zeb from the running, after he has passed in his checks—and that would be Tragedy—capital letter tragedy of the first water."

"I hate you! Zeb ought to be here

right now to swear for me," Ellice cried, sputtering today. "I—

Aunt Margaret went for her bonnet—when it was settled to suit her, came beside him smiling and saying, rollickingly: "Now for Old Jaggers! Hope we find time in the middle of things!"

They did not—Ellice must have loitered by the way, they were so near to overtaking her. She had just reached the back of the long shop as they halted upon the entrance—purposely as though in doubt whether to go in, or go away. Light through the glass door back showed them Jaggers wholly at ease, thumbing a sheaf of papers, some thin-yellowed, some merely dingy, some white and fresh. They had been sorted evidently into three classes—looking up from them, he said, as though it were the most natural thing in the world: "Well, young lady!—did you do the right thing?—run and tell Aunt Mag how bad I want to get married."

"Of course—but what has she got to do with it?" Ellice retorted. "Do you want to marry me? Or just somebody?"

"Let's get things straight," from Jaggers, his hands hovering over the heaped papers. "I do want somebody—mind not just anybody. There's reasons enough for my wanting her—not payable in a week after I'm married. Part of 'em no good—not even for waste paper—makers dead, or deadmen dead-broke—another part will be paid subject to discount," prettily heavy, some of it—but the others are as good as gold—if the earliest of them has been running over thirty years. What d'ye think they're worth? Seventy thousand dollars—interest mounts, you see, even without compounding it. I had, that in mind when I made what folks called my crazy trades. Knew I could marry, no matter how long I waited. And after Doc Meredith took Margaret away from me, waiting was sort of second nature—"

"Oh!" Ellice broke out. "I never dreamed—so that was why you picked on me?" Jaggers nodded, but ran on:

"Knew if I collected the money I'd lose it or spend it. Didn't mean to go to the poor house when I got past work. Yes—I knew you'd be runnin' to Margaret—and sooner break the ice for me—"

"But—suppose I had said yes?" Ellice interjected, wicketedly.

Jaggers grinned. "I knew well you wouldn't—not with Jimmy Coles in the way. That cub Zeb hates him, so I know you're sweet on him—"

"You took a great risk," Ellice sighed. "Seventy thousand is—oh! a lot of money. Heaps of fun in spending it—suppose now I take back—"

"We won't let you!" came in chorus from the pair advancing upon them—stately Aunt Margaret actually blushing, and Jimmy the very moral and pattern of impudent joy. Jaggers beamed upon them, holding a hand to each as he said: "It is a heap of money—but nothing like the full worth of a wife. Jimmy, be a good boy and take this child back home, while Margaret and I settle what's best to do next."

Of course there was a double wedding shortly. After it everybody was happy, save and except Zeb Dancy.

Clever Ruse Gave Him Monopoly of Cement

An interesting story is told about the intrigues of concrete pioneering, says Concrete. A dentist in a small West Virginia town had heard, quite a few years ago, something about concrete as a desirable material to replace the old cobble and brick sidewalks.

Being a progressive citizen and the proud owner of a new home he decided to enhance its value by a concrete path. A barrel of portland cement was imported and he began work in his dentist laboratory to discover the best proportions for mixing the new material.

The data gathered from those trials showed that the making of concrete was a simple master and the dentist decided to back the business of contracting to build sidewalks for others. But the question of competition arose, since others were drawn into the same field. So he adopted a ruse to stifle competition. He prepared a solution of permanganate of potash and gave his foreman instructions to use a small amount of this solution in every bucket of mixing water.

The mixture turned the water a deep red in color with the inference to spectators that this unknown chemical was a prime ingredient. So thoroughly did he follow this practice that it was a well-established fact in this little West Virginia town that by using red water and red water only could concrete be made.

Once his foreman forgot the coloring until the concrete had been mixed and placed, but the dentist, not to be a victim of his own artifice, ordered the concrete taken out and a new batch mixed. His monopoly lasted many years until a broader knowledge of concrete mixing penetrated into that mountain town.

Pleasant Surprise

The officer looked sharply at the disreputable machine. Then he strode across the street to the garage.

"Who owns the car outside without the front license plate?" he asked sharply.

"I do," answered a man near the counter. He had visions of a fine and a reprimand. He grasped at a straw.

"Just now came in here to see if I could find it," he hastened to explain. The officer interrupted.

"That's all right—go to police headquarters—"

The man wondered if the fine would be more than \$5.

"You'll find your plate there," ended the officer. "We've been keeping it for you."—New York Sun and Globe.

GERMANY LAND OF QUEER CONTRASTS

Changes Observed by Travellers Since Great War.

We ask the walter about an unfamiliar gemuse on the menu, writes Viola Parry in the New Republic. He disappears, and presently a white-bearded scholar approaches, adjusting his pince-nez. He speaks in only slightly accented English. "You inquire about this vegetable?"

"Oh, you are very kind—"

"It is somewhat like your turnip in flavor, but it is not a root. It is not of the mustard family." Follow Latin botanical terms, and then the startling conclusion in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Do you wish to order it?"

We are taken aback. "Oh, the walter—"

"No matter. He is taking care of my table. We often exchange."

We give our order in embarrassment. "But surely," one of us explodes, "you sound more like a scientist than a walter!"

A moment's pause. Then he says: "The lady is astute. My life—before was devoted to science. Now it is easier to sustain life serving vegetables than teaching them. . . . A little fish, perhaps? It is excellent today."

When an accident happens in Berlin, scatter, vanish. Otherwise you will be held as a witness, which is not without its compensations. Motor car accident; smashed wheels. An American saunters up to regard the scene. Suddenly he realizes that he is alone except for the active participants. He must come along as a witness, the police insist.

The "black Maria"—or rather, its German equivalent—is here. "But I am an American!" he repeats.

At the station they ask him questions; he answers persistently in English. "I know nothing about it. I am an American." Over and over. It is obviously true, no one dealest it. At last he may go. Only first there is something to pay—a few million marks. "But why?" It is for the ride to the station in the "black Maria."

A pleasant American business man, on a year's leave of absence, having "grand time." No money worries; his dollar buys so much. Some adventures, too. That time, for instance, when he offered his seat to an old lady in a Berlin street car and a pouncing blond man popped into it.

No American could stand for that. He explains to the man that the seat had been offered to the lady. A stony glare. Then his strong right American hand grasps the pomposus blond by his shirt front, drags him from the seat, holds him amazed, sputtering, outraged, until the timid old lady has her place. Now the dumfounded German finds his tongue: "Sir! Do you realize who I am? In the Kaiser's army I was an officer! I am a retired army officer!"

"You may be all that, buddy," says the American, in good-humored tone, "but you're no gentleman."

Two German workmen from the other end of the car leave their seats to come and shake hands with the American.

Some Fish Hibernate

Many fish do hibernate but the phenomenon is not very well understood. Certain fish in the temperate zones, says Concrete. A dentist in a small West Virginia town had heard, quite a few years ago, something about concrete as a desirable material to replace the old cobble and brick sidewalks.

Being a progressive citizen and the proud owner of a new home he decided to enhance its value by a concrete path. A barrel of portland cement was imported and he began work in his dentist laboratory to discover the best proportions for mixing the new material.

The data gathered from those trials showed that the making of concrete was a simple master and the dentist decided to back the business of contracting to build sidewalks for others. But the question of competition arose, since others were drawn into the same field. So he adopted a ruse to stifle competition. He prepared a solution of permanganate of potash and gave his foreman instructions to use a small amount of this solution in every bucket of mixing water.

The mixture turned the water a deep red in color with the inference to spectators that this unknown chemical was a prime ingredient. So thoroughly did he follow this practice that it was a well-established fact in this little West Virginia town that by using red water and red water only could concrete be made.

Once his foreman forgot the coloring until the concrete had been mixed and placed, but the dentist, not to be a victim of his own artifice, ordered the concrete taken out and a new batch mixed. His monopoly lasted many years until a broader knowledge of concrete mixing penetrated into that mountain town.

Clever Gunight

It was Sir Howard Grubb, the Irish telescope maker, who invented a most ingenious form of telescopic sight for use with a rifle. Neither fore nor back sight is employed with this contrivance, but the shooter, in taking aim, looks through a small lens which, by an optical device, throws an image of a bright little cross in front of the gun and in line with the barrel. The image serves as a foresight, and by simply holding the center of the cross upon the object aimed at, the marksman takes his aim.

That's All

"Then you consider Boobly a fool?" "No," replied J. Fuller Gloom, "I merely think that he knows the least on the most subjects of any man of my acquaintance."—Kansas City Star.

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Yale Gets Papers of Great Colonial Divine

The Yale university library has been presented with a collection of the once famous "Thimble Papers" of the Rev. Timothy Edwards, father of Jonathan Edwards, colonial New England's great theologian, says the New York Times. Puritan and colonial New England for the most part had some contempt for a person who would either read his sermons or preach with anything more than the briefest reference to notes. A great exhorter had to be inspired, else he had no right to occupy a pulpit in those stern fundamentalist days. Many great theologians would open the Bible at random, seize any verse as a text and then preach from that text for hours with the firm belief that the hand of the Almighty had guided him to the chapter and verse upon which he based his sermon.

The Rev. Timothy Edwards belonged to that school. A graduate of Harvard of the class of 1691, he was ordained pastor of a newly-founded Congregational church at Windsor, Conn., in 1694 and occupied the pulpit of that church for 64 years. He was well acquainted with Hebrew literature and was particularly distinguished for his accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics. In preparing his sermons Mr. Edwards would note on small slips of paper his "firstlines" and "secondlines." Then he would study these manuscripts, but when he entered the pulpit he would leave them in his study.

For many years it was his custom to preach entirely without notes, but one sermon, a copy of which is in the Yale library, is known to have been written in full by Mr. Edwards. This was preached at the general election in 1732.

Of these papers, Dr. Sereno Edwards Dwight, son of the elder president Timothy Dwight, wrote: "He always preached extemporaneously, and, until he was upwards of seventy, without noting down the heads of his discourse. After that time he commonly wrote the divisions on small slips of paper, which, as they occasionally appeared between the leaves of the Bible that he held in his hand, his parishioners called 'Mr. Edwards' thumb papers."

These papers, the gift to Yale of Dr. James Hosmer Penman of Philadelphia, cover 68 pages and include sermons preached in 1722 and 1723.

Motor Displaces Dog

The march of science into the frozen expanses of the far North is bringing a new era of rapid communication across the wildernesses of snow. Mail planes equipped with landing skis, and swift, motorized sleds may soon replace the picturesque dog teams, just as the motor car is replacing the camel of the desert.

The United States Post Office department recently announced plans for airplane mail service from the terminus of the government railway at Nenana, Alaska, to Fairbanks. Thus 20-day delivery service by dog team will be supplanted by a four-hour mail service.

A more dramatic transition, according to Popular Science Monthly, is that from dog-drawn sleds to sleds driven by motor. These already have made their appearance in Finland, a motorcycle engine furnishing the propulsion through a bicycle wheel. The contact of the rubber tire with the snow is said to create sufficient friction to drive the sled forward. The cheapness, lightness and conveniences of these new vehicles make them, it is said, admirably suited for traveling over snow.

Fishing in Liberia

Fishing, says a writer in the Wild World Magazine, is one of Liberia's biggest industries, fish comprising, perhaps, the most prominent item in the daily menu of the masses. In the rainy season the rivers overflow their banks and large areas of low-lying country become temporary lakes, abounding with fish of all kinds. As the waters subside, one species, the mudfish, a black, repulsive-looking fellow, settles in the mud, which is presently baked hard by the sun. The natives then dig holes with picks and unearth the apparently lifeless fish, following which it is cured and stored for domestic purposes. Those fish which are lucky enough to escape detection come to life again, so to speak, with the return of the rainy season.

The Perfect Home

Lady—"We saw the advertisement about this house being for sale and we're come to see it." Owner—"Yes, madam; but after reading the house agent's description of it we have decided not to sell."—Passing Show.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.



South African Witch Doctor Cannot Lose

When a South African native becomes ill the last thing that occurs to him is that natural causes have anything to do with his malady.

"Nde takalwe," he cries out in great mental anguish. "Nde takalwe—I have been bewitched." Thereupon he does one of two things. He either seeks some quiet place where he may lie down and give up the ghost, or else he carries his troubles to a witch doctor and beseeches him to drive out the evil spirits that he believes the magic of some spiteful enemy to have placed in occupation of his body, writes G. K. Chesteron in the *Continental* edition of the London *Mall*.

Upon payment of a suitable fee the witch doctor takes up his client's case, in a manner vaguely resembling a barrister accepting a brief. While the barrister takes down his law books, searches for precedents and tunes up his eloquence, the witch doctor does even stranger things, such as the throwing about of bones, the lighting of a magic fire and the murmuring of incantations that are older than the hills and very nearly as old as some of our legal precepts.

Should the patient get better he regards it as a triumph for his consulting wizard, and, overwhelming that individual with presents, he goes his merry way. On the other hand, should he get worse and die, it becomes obvious to all that the magic of the unspeakable enemy has gained the victory and the only thing his friends can do is to see that the poor wretch gets an adequate burial.

Finds House Built of Mud 200 Years Ago

After weathering the sunshine and storms of perhaps two centuries, a two-story house, built of mud from foundation to roof, has been discovered by a Philadelphia building inspector and condemned.

Close examination of the unique structure, which stands at 822 Buttonwood street, revealed that builders of 200 years ago used the same methods of pouring mud into wooden molds as is used today in the construction of modern concrete buildings.

To the generations of men, women and children that have passed it, the house has stood as a landmark, but not one of noteworthy history. A week ago it was to the passing citizenry only a house on a street, "that's been there for many years."

Queen Elizabeth's Tree

Over 300 years ago Queen Elizabeth planted a tree at Hingham, England. Later on immigrants established the new town of Hingham in Massachusetts. The tree grew and flourished and eventually died and the town fathers of old Hingham had the tree sawed up and three chairs were made from the lumber. One of the three has been presented to the Old First church of Hingham, Mass., the oldest place of public worship in the American colonies. The church, built in 1681, still stands on its original site. The chairs are the most recent of several remembrances sent to new Hingham from old Hingham, which from 1633 to 1639 furnished many of the earliest settlers of the Massachusetts town. In 1911 Ambassador James Bryce presented the town a stone from the village green of the old town.

Epitaph Premature

His own epitaph was read by R. Soglietti when he visited a battle ground and military cemetery at Remberviller, in the Vosges. Soglietti discovered a tombstone, surmounted by a white cross, together with that of his old regiment. Soglietti had fallen on that very battlefield to 1914, severely wounded, but had eventually recovered. He is now in receipt of a pension as being permanently disabled. He has reported the matter to the military authorities, and has requested to be allowed to live a little longer.

The Harvard business school announces the appointment of a jury of nine to determine the best advertisements submitted in competition for the Harvard advertising awards, founded last fall by Edward W. Bok. The business school is administrator of the awards.

Correct Footwear Question of Hour

Well-Dressed Woman Never Overlooks Matter of Proper Shoes.

The well-dressed woman of today takes much interest in her footwear, for she has learned that the most finished costume lacks the final note if the shoes she wears with it are not properly chosen.

Last year styles ran to extremes in shapes and colors. Often when the designer had finished his work, little was left of the original leather but a strap or two and a sole. Today the cut-out work is still manifest, but in a much more artistic form, and so fashioned that the foot gets a portion, at least, of the support it needs to keep the arches from slipping out of place.

Evening shoes are shown of kid and of satin, and colors to match the frock. Hosiery this year inclines to match the color of the shoes, instead of linking to itself outstanding hues that have little in common with the footwears it supplements. Buckles on evening slippers are of rhinestone, and come in many exquisite designs.

For afternoon wear, the sandal shoe finds favor, but it is a modest sandal that has an ankle vamp, reaching to the instep, where the heel is held firmly by a strap. The heel is medium height, and in no way extreme. It would seem that more common sense, and ideas of comfort have entered this year, than for several previous seasons.

There are pumps in light shades plied in darker color to wear with the finished suit and for street. These, too, have a bit of the cut work, but only a small amount just above the instep to mark them of 1924 vintage. The vamp comes well up over the foot, and the medium heel makes this shoe very comfortable for walking and easy to wear.

The two-strap model is smart for daytime wear, and comes in a variety of colors. White is often tinctured in black and the small buckles of silver or nickel give them a little of the air of colonial.

Sports shoes range in all colors of browns and grays and black and white. Moderately pointed toes mark some of the newer models, while others have the broad heel end are rather broad, giving the woman who likes comfort in footwear a chance to find the shoe that fits her foot easily and still follow the trend of fashion.

Striking Dress Coat for Early Fall Wear



Heavy black satin is combined with black ostrich, and embroidered in yellow chrysanthemums to make this new dress coat, designed for early fall wear.

Novelties in Shoes

Latest to Be Offered

The latest ideas in shoes are introduced as novelties, though no item in a woman's costume is more important for her comfort and happiness as well as her appearance. A really chic woman might have been bewildered last season by the wild shapes exploited, but she may now find unique conventional shoes of artistic design—flattering to the most patriotic foot—made of fine qualities of kid in all the beautiful new shades.

Black, especially in patent leather, is still used for daytime in colonials and oxfords, and in satin, to wear with black evening gowns. But kid soft as a glove, gentle to the most sensitive foot and having an appearance of quiet elegance, is the thing, and its vogue is growing impartially. The gay colors have disappeared absolutely for tootsie wear, being shown only in the smart styles for sports, with scarlet and white, blue and white, green or mauve and white, which are extremely popular among the younger set—New York Times.

Charming White Flannel Suit for Summer Wear



For girls as for men, this is a flannel season. Here is shown a winsome outfit—dainty white—for informal wear.

Parasols Are Much in Summer Fashion Picture

There has been a change of sentiment regarding the charm of a tanned complexion, and parasols are having a sweeping vogue, observes a fashion authority in the *New York Times*. All of the new modes in gowns, the latest patterns, colors, even materials, are repeated in the latest parasols received from Paris. There are taffeta silks, in plain colors, plaid, checks and stripes. In some models a plaid and plain silk are used in alternate bands around the parasol. There are crepes in plain colors and printed in all the new patterns; in floral designs, basket, conventional.

The covering of one new parasol is an especially drawn design, cubist in character, in black, white and rose, with a tressery of gold. The picturesque sunshades shown earlier for the Palm Beach season are in evidence in variations. A white silk shade on sticks of white bamboo tipped with ivory has a sea gull in natural grays, white and black painted across the top.

A parasol of white gauze stretched over a white enameled frame and lined with white silk is painted with a mass of roses in natural colors. The printed crepes in black and white and colors, silk printed with a Japanese pattern, large polka dots in colors on white and black on white, and the palm leaf design seen so much in the new dress silks are all very popular.

Parasols are new and sumptuous. Most are shown in the natural shade, many with a border of colored velvet ribbon two or three inches wide. In these are also pretty shades of green, orange and red, each with border of contrasting color, oftenest black.

To carry with the light summer dresses are charming parasols of ribbon. A Parisian novelty is made of wide rainbow ribbon in slightly gathered ruffles. Another is covered with frills of narrow ribbon and one other with small frills of valenciennes lace. Flowered chiffons in the sweetest patterns and colors cover some of the white silk parasols. Frame and stick are of white enamel or light wood and colored enamel. Quartz, agate, Jade, amber, coral, onyx or gold delicately chased or finely carved wood are used in the handles.

The most extreme novelty is the velvet parasol. One of black liberty velvet is lined with white silk on a frame of white enamel wood, with ivory tips, the stick being of white with a handle of onyx and silver.

Straight-Line Coat Is Decree of Today's Mode

The coat may be cloth or silk. It may be full length or it may stop several inches short of the skirt hem, but it must be straight of line, asserts a fashion writer.

And with only these few qualifications to fill, there are left to the clever designer numberless original treatments which go to make the wrap a thing of individual style.

She may introduce clever sounce effects or she may achieve a coat as slim and straight as a die. Her trimming mediums, though sparingly applied, may be chosen from a remarkably wide range.

There are deep, wrappy collars; there are even fur collars for summer coats. Then there is the scarf finish. The scarf may be of material matching the coat and attached to it. Or it may decide to offer a contrasting note and bring in some soft color combination or a gayly printed motif.

The lining itself is always decorative, whether it offers a plain color contrast or sprinkles some vivid pattern over a plain colored background.

Einkorn, Spelt and Emmer Crops

Of Interest to Field Workers Who Seek Information as to Adaptation.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Conclusions drawn from experiments with einkorn, spelt, and emmer, three distinct kinds of crops related to wheat, are presented in a new bulletin just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Department Bulletin 1107 should be of interest to farmers and more especially to field crop workers who want information as to the adaptation of these crops to the conditions in various sections of the United States. The bulletin seeks also to prevent, so far as possible, the exploitation of these rather minor crops in sections where they are not adapted.

Emmer Not Hardy.

Winter emmer, say the investigators, is not hardy enough to be grown on the great plains north of Kansas, and even in Kansas it may be winterkilled. It is less productive than winter wheat. Because of its low yields it should not be grown in any part of the United States or Canada.

Spring emmer should not be grown except possibly to some extent in North Dakota, eastern South Dakota, and southern Minnesota for the purpose of increasing crop diversification. In all sections of these states it is outyielded, on the average, by the leading varieties of barley or oats, or both, although in some years at some experiment stations it will outyield these crops. Even under conditions where rust and drought are common, emmer does not compare favorably with barley and oats.

Spelt is Productive.

Winter spelt is more productive than barley and oats in a limited portion of Maryland and Virginia where experiments have been conducted, and apparently also in Utah. The limits of its adaptation have not been determined, but it is probable that it will be found to give best results in comparison with other small-grain feed crops in the area between the spring and winter oats and barley areas. It does not produce as high net yields of threshed kernels as does winter wheat, even in those districts where it appears promising.

Many Realize Rotation of Crops Is Important

Most farmers nowadays realize the value of rotating crops according to some systematic scheme that may best suit the purpose of the farmer, yet on very many farms corn is grown year after year on the same land. The Ohio experiment station has been conducting rotation experiments and growing crops on the same land continuously for the last 30 years and the results they have obtained are, therefore, quite reliable. On one field, where corn has been grown continuously without manure for 17 years, the average yield has been 28.1 bushels per acre. On an adjoining field corn has been rotated with oats for 17 years. On this field eight crops of corn and nine crops of oats have grown during that period. Corn has averaged 41.7 bushels per acre and oats 39.8 bushels. This field also was not fertilized. This two-year rotation of corn and oats teaches a most valuable lesson, for the field has almost produced as many bushels of corn as the field that was in corn every year, and at the same time has produced an average of nearly 40 bushels of oats per acre during the years that this crop was grown.

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Turnips and Rutabagas Are Valuable for Feed

Both turnips and rutabagas can be grown for summer, autumn and winter crops, and are valuable throughout the season as food for all kinds of live stock. The housewife is learning to appreciate both the turnip and rutabaga more each year.

While we need more or less sweets in our daily supply of food, we are being cautioned against the use of sugar, and it is natural to be looking about for other sources of sweets.

The rutabaga is a sweet turnip. Those fine yellow and white varieties used as food contain a certain percentage of sugar, and their use as food will supply a need of the body and assist greatly in the reduction of the cost of living.

It will pay to grow both turnips and rutabagas. They will do well on most any soil, but prefer a rich, sandy loam.

Favor Nitrate of Soda to Fertilize Corn Crop

The yield of corn is determined very largely by the amount of ammonia used in the fertilizer, according to Prof. C. P. Blackwell, agronomist at Clemson college, who thinks that nitrate of soda pays much better on corn than other forms of fertilizers, and that 150 to 200 pounds of soda per acre is not too much to apply to the average land.

Side dressing of soda should be applied to corn when the plants are three to four feet high. Much of the nitrogen is wasted when farmers wait until the corn begins to silk and tassel before applying soda. Much better results are secured when the soda is applied at the proper time. The rate of application of soda will have much to do with the crop secured.

Any common tin can filled half full of axle grease in which is placed an old, worn-out paint brush, will be found very handy on the farm for greasing plow shares and cultivator shovels.

Cleanliness Is Big Factor With Chicks

Many Ailments of Young- sters Can Be Prevented.

"The biggest factor in growing good pullets is cleanliness," says W. H. Allen, specialist in poultry husbandry at the New Jersey State College of Agriculture, New Brunswick. "Such troubles as intestinal worms, coccidiosis, and paralysis are some of the troubles in pullet raising which can be prevented by cleanliness. At the time of hatching the chick is free from all diseases except biliary white diarrhoea, and is free from this disease as well, unless the breeding stock is infected. Deaths alone are not caused by disease; digestive organs of surviving chicks may be injured, thus resulting in inefficient food assimilation.

Cleanliness Starts with the Coop.

This should be thoroughly cleaned each week, the litter and droppings removed and new litter put in. The ground is the next source of trouble to be watched. The soil next to the house should be turned under from time to time, and especially during wet weather. The house should be wired so that the chicks cannot get under it, as this ground will get moldy and become infected with disease. All poultry manure on the farm should be kept dry during the summer months and the manure shed should be screened to prevent flies from breeding in it. Flies are the source of much of the tapeworm troubles.

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FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 25, 1874

The school year closed Thursday with an exhibition at the Rogers High School. At the close of the speaking the medals were awarded as follows: The George H. Norman medals for scholarship to Miss Hatzie A. Saunders and to Miss E. H. Swinburne; the Read medal for moral influence to William Henry Lewton, Jr. After the presentation of the medals Rev. Dr. Thayer, to whom Newport is largely indebted for the excellent school, presented the diplomas in a few appropriate remarks, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. S. C. Hill. The Clarke street School medals were presented as follows: King medal for amiability to Bessie S. Cozzens and Eliza Coggeshall. Read medal for scholarship to William H. Bacheller. The teachers and scholars are now looking forward to a pleasant vacation of seven weeks.

There are at the present time belonging to this port one hundred and thirty-four vessels. These vessels are classed as follows: 1 brig, 47 schooners, 35 sloops, 47 open boats, 8 screw steamers and 5 side-wheel steamers.

Senator Carl Schurz of Missouri is visiting this city.

The new gas building is now reaching the third story and still the work goes on.

The Providence Journal speaking of the late military parade in that city says: "Brigadier General A. L. Burdick, commanding First Brigade and staff, came up from Newport and appeared on parade mounted. They got wet through, of course, but they had the satisfaction of showing more grit than the other general officers of the state militia. The General was the observed of all observers."

A local clergyman lately addressed his female auditors as follows: "Be not proud that the blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was done that the glad tidings might spread the sooner."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 29, 1899

A meeting of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, was held Friday, the President, Mr. W. Watts Sherman presiding. Mr. F. P. Garretson, delegate to the triennial meeting of the General Society at Denver, made a report of the meeting. A committee consisting of W. Watts Sherman, William G. Ward, Jr., and John P. Sanborn, was appointed to make arrangements for proper memorial service on the hundredth anniversary of the burial of George Washington, which occurs on the 14th of December next. A committee consisting of Hon. Daniel B. Fearing, Lieut. Commander J. B. Murdoch and Mr. F. P. Garretson was appointed to make arrangements for the annual dinner.

On Friday next the new County Jail for Newport County will be turned over to the state by the commission who built it, consisting of Senator J. W. Horton and Representatives John H. Wetherell and Oscar Newell. The keys will be turned over to the Governor, who will in turn deliver them to Sheriff Anthony. Deputy Sheriff Hugh N. Gifford will be the jailer.

Newport has been fortunate in not having suffered from the ravages of several electrical storms this week as other cities in the state and other parts of New England have suffered. Newport's immunity from heavy thunder storms is one of the pleasant features of a summer residence here.

Someone entered the barn on Union street, of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on Thursday night, taking therefrom a horse, light wagon and a harness. The same night Jacob Marz lost about 100 hens by hen thieves.

The Newport County Agricultural Society will hold its coming fair in Oakland Hall September 12, 13 and 14.

There were four marriages and six deaths recorded in the Tiverton town clerk's office during the month of June.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt and his party of young fellows, in search of adventure, left here this week for a tour of the world. They left in Cornelius Vanderbilt's private car for a five days' run to Vancouver. From there they sail for Japan in the Empress of India July 31.

Some Americans Do It, Too

One Chinese carpenter is able to go to a house and only look at what is to be repaired and has so trained his sense of sight that he can return to his shop and from memory cut the required lengths of boards needed to make the repairs.

Not Responsive

"I ain't use gittin' knowledge you don't use," said Uncle Eben. "I knows a man dat has read de Bible through 15 times 'thout no noticeable result, 'cep' wearin' out de book."—Washington Star.

Tough Luck

"Willie (to kid in the house)—"Hey, Eddie, come out an' play with me. We got me wagon." Eddie—"I can't. My father's gone to play golf and he's wearin' my knickers."

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

At the session of the probate court held at the Town Hall on Monday, July 21, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Elizabeth W. Littlefield—Inventory presented by Ada E. Littlefield, Administratrix, was allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Henry L. Chase—Inventory was returned by Willard B. Chase and James R. Chase, 2d, Administrators with will annexed, allowed and passed for record.

Estate of James R. Chase—Petition of William R. Harvey, Executor, for permission to sell certain stock and shares at private sale, was granted.

Estate of Marjorie G. Chase—Petition of Clara L. Chase, Guardian, for authority to release the right and interest of her ward in the George R. Chase place for one-twelfth interest in the James R. Chase place, continued to the third Monday in August.

Estate of Lida W. Peckham—Commissioner's Report on disallowed claims confirmed, received and ordered recorded. This report had been continued for further hearing, since February, 1923, and was received on motion of Frank F. Nolan, Counsel for Administrator de bonis non, J. Russell Haile, attorney for Joseph S. Anthony, a creditor whose claim had been disallowed, assenting to the report.

Estate of Charlotte S. Anthony—Notice being waived by all parties in interest, on the petition of Arthur R. Anthony and Alfred C. Anthony, will was proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary directed to issue to petitioners as Executors upon their giving a personal bond in the sum of \$1,500.00 to pay debts and legacies.

Estate of Samuel B. Dodge—The petition of Anna R. Frisch to prove will and for letters testamentary to be granted her, as Executrix, referred to the third Monday in August and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Rita A. Silvia—Petition of Frank F. Nolan to prove will and for letters testamentary to be granted him (Executor referred to the third Monday in August and notice thereon ordered to be given.

In Town Council—Claims for damages done by dogs were presented by Charles L. Slocum of Portsmouth and Joseph Toppa of Middletown. The former had 11 geese killed valued at \$66. The latter had two geese killed and eleven ducks appraised at \$25. The claims were allowed and orders granted on the dog fund of Middletown in favor of the respective claimants.

James W. Barker was authorized to purchase 150 feet of 1½ inch hose and other equipment for the Middletown fire apparatus.

There was an extended hearing on the petition of Ada S. Hoyt, for a license to conduct a victualling house on the Middletown side of Easton's Beach. Councilman Alan R. Wheeler opposed the granting of the petition. He claimed the buildings used by the petitioner were unsuitable and that she had not the facilities for conducting a restaurant. The buildings, in common with others in the same locality, were a blot on Easton's Beach and detracted from the natural attractiveness. Mr. Wheeler moved to reject the petition.

Which motion was not carried. Petition was finally granted, and license fee fixed at \$10. Petitioner was required to give bond in the sum of \$100 with George Hoyt as surety.

The petition of Rose Muscovitch, wife of Philip, for a license to conduct a restaurant at the Seaview Hotel, was granted. Fee was made \$10 and petitioner was directed to give bond in the sum of \$100, with Anthony Cappuccilli as surety.

The petition of Eriena Souza, wife of Joseph, for permission to run a victualling house in a building on land of Anastasia Poulakakis, north of Beach avenue, was denied and dismissed.

Peckham Brothers Company on June 25 was awarded the contract for constructing a new roadbed on Green End avenue, starting from Paradise avenue and extending easterly for 150 feet. The price being \$3.15 for each linear foot constructed.

The work on this new roadbed was reported as progressing in a satisfactory manner.

The President of the town council recommended that the roadbed be extended for another 250 feet, which would make a better terminus and improve the condition of the highway as now existing. It was voted to continue the new construction for 250 feet. The additional cost would preclude the possibility of making additional improvement on Paradise avenue and paying for the same out of the highway appropriation of March 8, 1924.

The President of the council stated he had received a proposal from Peckham Brothers Company to make the improvement on Paradise avenue, 400 feet in length, for \$3.15 per running foot and the Company would wait for the payment of its money until March, 1925. The question was raised as to the legal right of the town council to enter into a contract for any public work, prior to an appropriation being made to defray the cost. It was conceded it had no such legal right.

Councilman Alan R. Wheeler advocated ignoring the legal objection and the acceptance of the proposal made by Peckham Brothers Company.

He made a motion that the proposal be accepted and it was so voted, and the President of the Council authorized to contract with the Company for doing the work on Paradise ave-

nue, according to its proposal.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows: Tar Products Corporation, for 5180 gals. Road Tar, \$725.20; Peckham Brothers Co., for 13½ yds. K. P. in Road Dist. No. 3, \$185; Peckham Bros. Co., for 2½ tons Cr. stone for Dist. No. 4, \$5.63; Chester E. Brown, for work on highways in Road Dist. No. 3, \$10.56; Arthur A. Albright, for services as Traffic Officer, \$8.75; Fillmore Coggeshall, for services as Traffic Officer, \$23; P. M. Conley, for services as Traffic Officer, \$27; M. Leroy Dennis, for services as Traffic Officer, \$25.60; James Bloomfield, for services as Chief of Police, \$50.50; The T. Pitman Corp., for advertising, \$5.15; Marguerite E. Eddy, for examining cultures, \$8; Newport Electric Corporation, for electric light at town hall, \$3.50; New England Tel. & Tel. Co., for use of three telephones, \$8.71; Louise H. Stewart, for assistance in town clerk's office for 5 weeks, \$50; Charles Peckham, for making out deeds of burial lots, \$10; Robert M. Wetherell, for work in Middletown Cemetery, \$169.76; Middletown Public Health Nursing Association, one month's appropriation, \$100.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, a communication was received from the State Boiler Inspector stating that the two boilers in the City Hall were unsafe to operate. An inspection of these boilers was made a short time ago, and the Inspector reports that the condition of the boilers is pretty serious, and recommends that their use be discontinued. Aldermen Hughes and Hanley were made a committee to look into the matter. It is probable that an appropriation will be required at once, either to purchase new boilers or to make repairs to the present ones, which may give a short time more of usefulness.

Several Broadway property owners appeared before the board in regard to the change of grade of the Broadway sidewalk. They claimed that the grade had been dropped about a foot, and in consequence a retaining wall would be necessary as well as extra steps to their property. The City Engineer said that the matter would not be difficult to adjust and it was referred to the Broadway committee with power to act.

Much routine business was transacted, and a number of licenses were granted.

The chain stores in this country now number over fifteen thousand. Of that number the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company claim over ten thousand, while the Woolworth number over twelve hundred.

Long Life of Stored Cotton

Cotton is an imperishable commodity and may be warehoused for years with only slight deterioration in color and strength. There are authenticated instances of cotton stored for 80 years having been brought out and sold in competition with a current crop.

Politeness Only Gilding.

It is because gold is rare, that gilding has been invented, which without having its solidity, has all its brilliancy. Thus, to replace the kindness we lack, we have devised politeness which has all its appearance.—De Levis.

Physical Culture,

Howell—"Was Rowell alive when they found him in the well?" Powell—"Yes, it was a case of deep breathing."

Odd Chinese Custom.

A Chinese gentleman always sends a pair of geese to the lady of his choice, and they are looked upon as the emblems of conjugal fidelity.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 18th, 1924.

Estate of Joseph H. Hunt

EDWARD L. HUNT, guardian of the person and estate of Joseph H. Hunt, minor, of said Newport, presents his petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situate in said Newport, being a one-twelfth undivided interest in land to that certain lot of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly on Batchelder street; Easterly on land now or formerly of F. F. Nolan; Southerly partly on land now or formerly of William Adams and partly on land now or formerly of James Murphy; and Westerly on land now or formerly of M. J. Murphy or however otherwise bounded or described; and praying for reasons therein stated that he may be authorized and empowered to sell, said minor's interest in said Real Estate at public auction or private sale for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor; and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale; and said petition is received and referred to the Eleventh day of August next at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 18th, 1924.

Estate of Julia McDonald

NOTICE is hereby given that Edward McDonald has qualified as Executor of the will of Julia McDonald, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning July 25th, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 18th, 1924.

Estate of John McDonald

NOTICE is hereby given that Edward McDonald has qualified as Executor of the will of John McDonald, late of Newport, deceased.

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